

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1057.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1837.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rory O'More: a Romance. By Sam. Lover, Esq., author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London. Bentley. "GIVE a dog an ill name, and hang it," quoth the proverb; but, with regard to a novel, though often worse used than a dog, we may say the very reverse—give it a good name, and hang it, if at all well supported, if it does not help it to succeed. In truth, a good name for a book is a very good thing; and we deem Mr. Lover lucky in having adopted that of his popular song as the patronymic of a work of fiction, like the present—destined, or we are much mistaken, to be equally, and it could hardly be more, popular. A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet; but the benefit of the name is, that it leads us to smell the flower: then, to be sure, if it were a daffodil, we would cast it down with contempt; but, if a real, genuine queen of the garden, we would rejoice in appreciating its delicious and refreshing odours.

But what has all this to do with *Rory O'More*? Simply, that the author's lively ballad, so called, is a universal favourite; and that there is nothing in the production before us to lessen the favour attached to the title. *Rory* admires in verse, will be *More* admired in prose: the lively national lyric having only paved the way for the greater undertaking—the truly Irish, national, and characteristic story.

This is the first flight of Mr. Lover to such an extent; none of his preceding tales having occupied more than portions of a single volume;* and the difference of effort is very considerable; for, though much and original talent was requisite to frame the delightfully humorous effusions to which we have referred, still more must be exercised in the conception, construction, and execution of a design which was not only to sustain his preceding fame, but to place him in the front rank among the foremost writers of the country in this branch of literature. In his pictures of Irish manners and Irish life there is no exaggeration, no straining after effect. Though the incidents are often striking and startling, they are, nevertheless, natural and probable. The miseries of the rebellion of 1792 are, indeed, painted with the feelings of an Irishman, but they are not disfigured by the daubings of a partisan. Events grow out of the state of society which are sufficiently strange for the pen of the novelist, and suffering sufficiently severe for the sorrow of the patriot; yet there is such an appearance of truth over the whole, and the characters are so vividly drawn, that, while you wonder at the scenes presented, you never entertain a doubt of their reality.

Of some of these features we shall now endeavour to convey an idea, though it must of

necessity be a very imperfect one. The volumes open with a description of the cottage of the O'Mores, and nothing can be more graphic.

"In a retired district of the South of Ireland, near some wild hills and a romantic river, a small by-road led to a quiet spot, where, at the end of a little lane, or boreen, which was sheltered by some hazel hedges, stood a cottage, which in England would have been considered a poor habitation, but in Ireland was absolutely comfortable, when contrasted with the wretched hovels that most of her peasantry are doomed to dwell in. The walls were only built of mud; but then the doorway and such windows as the cabin had were formed of cut stone, as was the chimney, which last convenience is of rare occurrence in Irish cabins, a hole in the roof generally serving instead. The windows were not glazed, it is true; but we must not expect too much gentility on this point: and, though the light may not be let in as much as it is the intention of such openings to do, yet, if the wind be kept out, the Irish peasant may be thankful. A piece of board—or, as Pat says, a wooden pane of glass—may occupy one square, while its neighbour may be brown paper, ornamented inside, perhaps, with a ballad, setting forth how

"A sailor cooed a farmer's daughter

That lived convenient to the Isle of Man;" or, may be, with a print of Saint Patrick banishing the serpents; or the Virgin Mary in flaring colours, that one might take for

"The king's daughter a come to town,

With a red petticoat and a green gown."

But, though the windows were not glazed, and there was not a boarded floor in the house, yet it was a snug cottage. Its earthen floors were clean and dry; its thatched roof was sound; the dresser in the principal room was well furnished with delft; there were two or three chairs and a good many three-legged stools; a spinning-wheel, that sure sign of peace and good conduct; more than one iron pot; more than one bed, and one of those four-posted, with printed calico curtains of a most resplendent pattern. There was a looking-glass, too, in the best bed-room, with only one corner broken off and only three cracks in the middle; and that further damage might not be done to this most valuable piece of furniture—most valuable, I say, for there was a pretty girl in the house who wanted it every Sunday morning to see that her bonnet was put on becomingly before she went to chapel; that no further damage might be done, I say, this inimitable looking-glass was imbedded in the wall, with a frame-work of mortar round it, tastefully ornamented with cross-bars, done by the adventurous hand of *Rory O'More* himself, who had a genius for handling a trowel. This came to him by inheritance, for his father had been a mason; which accounts for the cut-stone doorway, windows, and chimney of the cottage, that *Rory*'s father had built for himself. But when I say *Rory* had a genius for handling a trowel, I do not mean to say he followed the trade of his father; he did not: it was a gift of nature which *Rory* left quite unencumbered by any trammels of art; for, as for line and rule, these were beneath *Rory*'s consideration.

This the setting of the glass proved, for there was no attempt at either the perpendicular, the horizontal, or the plane; and from the last being wanting, the various portions of the glass presented different angles, so that it reflected a very distorted image of every object, and your face, if you would believe the glass, was as crooked as a ram's horn, which I take to be the best of all comparisons for crookedness. *Mary O'More*, however, though as innocent a girl as any in the country, did not believe that her face was *very* crooked: it was poor *Rory* who principally suffered, for he was continually giving himself most uncharitable gashes in shaving, which *Rory* attributed to the razor, when, in fact, it was the glass was in fault; for when he fancied he was going to smooth his upper lip, the chances were, that he was making an assault on his nose, or cutting a slice off his chin. But this glass has taken up a great deal more time, which, after all, is not uncommon: when people get before a glass, they are very likely to linger there longer than they ought. But I need not go on describing any more about the cottage: nobody wants an inventory of its furniture; and I am neither an auctioneer nor a bailiff's keeper. I have said *Rory*'s father was a mason. Now his mother was a widow—*argal* (as the grave-digger hath it), his father was dead. Poor *O'More*, after laying stones all his life, at last had a stone laid over him; and *Rory*, with filial piety, carved a crucifix upon it, surmounted by the letters I. H. S., and underneath this inscription:—"Pray for the soul of *Rory O'More*; Requiescat in pace." This inscription was *Rory*'s first effort in sepulchral sculpture, and, from his inexperience in the art, it presented a ludicrous appearance; for, from the importance *Rory* attached to his father's soul—or, as he had it, *soul*—he wished to make the word particularly conspicuous; but, in doing this, he cut the letters so large that he did not leave himself room to finish the word, and it became divided; the word *requiescat* became also divided: the inscription, therefore, stood as follows:—



* *Id est*, in the "Tales and Legends of Ireland," which appeared some five years ago; and, in vol. 3d of the same, which was published about two years since, both having run through several editions. And *apropos* of these volumes, we ought to warn readers against a not very creditable rumour, which has been current of late. "Popular Tales and Legends of Ireland, with Illustrations by S. Lover," has been made to pass off as written by Mr. Lover: whereas he only executed the etchings for it; and, in truth, its literature would rather tarnish than reflect credit on his name.—*Ed. L. G.*

You were thus called on to pray for the Sow in one corner, while the Cat was conspicuous in the other.

"Besides, Rory was (we are told) not a little proud of his name. He was taught to believe there was good blood in his veins, and that he was descended from the O'Mores of Leinster. Then, an old schoolmaster in the district, whose pupil Rory had been, was constantly recounting to him the glorious deeds of his progenitors—or, as he called them, his 'owld anshint anshisters in the owld anshint times,' and how he should never disgrace himself by doing a dirty turn; 'not that I ever seen the laste sign iv it in you, *ma bouhal*—but there's no knowin'. And sure the devil's busy wid us sometimes, and dales in timtayshins, and lays snares for us, all as one as you'd snare a hare or ketch sparrows in a thrap; and who can tell the minit that he might be layin' salt on your tail onknous to you, if you worn't smart?—and therefore be always mindful of your anshisters, that wor of the highest blood in Ireland, and in one of the highest places in it too, Dunamaise—I mane the rock of Dunamaise, and no less. And there is where Rory O'More, king of Leinster, lived in glory time out o' mind; and the Lords of the Pale darrn't touch him—and pale enough he made them often, I go bail; and there he was—like an aigle on his rock, and the dirty English afraid o' their lives to go within miles iv him, and he shut up in his castle as stout as a ram.' In such rhodomontade used Phelim O'Flanagan to flourish away, and delight the ears of Rory and Mary, and the widow no less. Phelim was a great character: he wore a scratch wig that had been built somewhere about the year One, and from its appearance might justify the notion, that Phelim's wig-box was a dripping pan. He had a pair of spectacles, which held their place upon his nose by taking a strong grip of it, producing thereby a snuffing pronunciation, increased by his taking of snuff; indeed, so closely was his proboscis embraced by this primitive pair of spectacles, that he could not have his pinch of snuff without taking them off, as they completely blockaded the passage. They were always stuck low down on his nose, so that he could see over them when he wished it, and this he did for all distant objects; while for reading he was obliged to throw his head back to bring his eyes to bear through the glasses; and this, forcing the rear of his wig downwards on the collar of his coat, shoved it forward on his forehead, and stripped the back of his pate: in the former case, his eyes were as round as an owl's; and in the other, closed nearly into the expression of disdain, or at least of great consequence. His coat was of gray frieze, and his nether garment of buckskin, equaling the polish of his wig, and surpassing that of his shoes, which indeed were not polished, except on Sunday, or such occasion as the priest of the parish was expected to pay his school a visit—and then the polish was produced by the brogues being *greased*, so that the resemblance to the wig was more perfect. Stockings he had, after a sort; that is to say, he had woollen cases for his legs, but there were not any feet to them; they were stuffed into the shoe to make believe, and the deceit was tolerably well executed in front, where Phelim had them under his eye; but, like Achilles, he was vulnerable in the heel—indeed, worse off than that renowned hero, for he had only one heel unprotected, while poor Phelim had both. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Phelim had a shirt—you saw he had; but towards

the latter end of the week, from the closely buttoned coat, and the ambuscade of a spotted handkerchief round his neck, there was ground for suspicion that the shirt was under the process of washing, that it might be ready for service on Sunday; when, at mass, Phelim's shirt was always at its freshest. There was a paramount reason, to be sure, why Phelim sported a clean shirt in chapel on Sunday: he officiated as clerk during the service—or, as it would be said amongst the peasantry, he 'served mass'; and in such a post of honour personal decency is indispensable."

The schoolmaster figures with much drollery throughout the narrative; but a yet more conspicuous person is a certain Mr. De Lacy (the hero) with whom Rory encounters on a coach journeying from Dublin. He is on a secret mission from the French Directory, and, being seized with small-pox, becomes an inmate of the cottage we have just described. We select a previous part of their conversation, as a sample of the dialogue:—

"The traveller laughed outright at the absurdity of Rory's expectation, that well-fitting boots for all persons were to be made by intuition. 'Faith, I thought it would please you,' said Rory. 'Don't you think I served him right?' 'You astonished him, I dare say.' 'I'll engage I did. Wanting to humbug me that way, takin' me for a nath'r'l because I come from the country!' 'Oh, I'm not sure of that,' said the traveller. 'It is their usual practice to take measure of their customers.' 'Is it, thin?' 'It really is.' 'See that, now!' said Rory, with an air of triumph. 'You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the counthry; and they ought to be so, by all accounts;—but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely.' 'How so?' said the traveller. 'Arrah! bekase they never throuble people in the counthry at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dhives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you serve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plased. Now, isn't that better than sich botches as them in Dublin, that must have the measure, and keep you waitin'? while in the counthry there's no delay in life, but it's jist down with your money and off with your brogues!' 'On with your brogues, you mean?' said the traveller. 'No, indeed, now!' said Rory, 'you're out there. Sure we wouldn't be so wasteful as to put on a bran new pair o' brogues to go lickin' the road home?—no, in throt; we keep them for the next dance we're goin' to, or maybe to go to chapel of a Sunday.' 'And if you don't put them on, how can you tell they fit you?' 'Oh, they're all alike!' But what would you do, when you wanted to go to your dance, if you found your brogues were too small?' 'Oh, that never happens. They're all fine aisy shoes.' 'Well, but if they prove too easy?' 'That's aisy cured,' said Rory; 'stuff a thrifle o' hay into them, like the Mullingar heifers.' 'Mullingar heifers!' said the traveller, rather surprised by the oddity of the expression. 'Yes, sir,' said Rory, 'did you never hear of the Mullingar heifers?' 'Never.' 'Why, you see, sir, the women in Westmeath, they say, is thick in the legs, God help them, the craythurs! and so there's a saying again them, "You're beef to the heels, like a Mullingar heifer." 'Oh! I perceive.' 'Yes, sir, and it's all on account of what I towld you about the hay.' 'How?' said the traveller. 'Why, there's an owld joke you may take a

turn out of, if you like, whin you see a girl that's thick in the fetlock—you call after her and say, 'Young woman!' She turns round, and then says you, 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think you're used to wear hay in your shoes.' Thin, if she's innocent, she'll ask, 'Why?'—and thin you'll say, 'Bekase the calves has run down your legs to get at it.' 'I see,' said the stranger, 'that is, if she's innocent.' 'Yis, sir—simple I mane; but that seldom happens, for they're commonly up to you, and 'cute enough.' 'Now, in case she's not innocent, as you say?' said the traveller. 'Faith! maybe it's a sharp answer you'll get thin, or none. It's as like as not she may say, 'Thank'ee, young man, my calf doesn't like hay, and so you're welkim to it yourself!'

Old Mrs. O'More's desire to treat the small-pox affords another fair example.

"When Rory returned with his mother, she asked the stranger (for so we shall yet continue to call him) how he felt. He told in what manner he was suffering, and she replied by proposing to him to take a glass of whisky. The very name of the thing produced nausea to the sick man, who refused the offer with a shudder. 'See how you thrimble, sir!' said she. 'Indeed, if you b'lieve me, a good big dhrop o' whisky is the best thing you could take.' 'Don't mention it, I beg of you: I fear it is the small-pox I have caught.' 'Plaze God, I hope not!' said the widow: 'but if it is, not a finer thing in the world than a dhrop o' whisky to dhive it out from your heart.' Thus she continued to urge the taking of ardent spirits, which, to this hour, in the commencement of every sickness amongst the Irish peasantry, is considered the one thing needful, and for the reason the widow assigned in this case, namely, to 'dhrive it out from the heart.' The heart is by them considered the vulnerable point in sickness as well as in love; so much so, indeed, that, no matter what disease they labour under, it is always called an 'impression on the heart.' So well understood does this seem to be amongst them, that even the part affected is not necessary to be named, and the word 'heart' is omitted altogether; and, if you ask, 'What's the matter with such a one?' the answer is sure to be, 'He's got an impression.' 'Mrs. O'More,' said the stranger, 'I am certain it is the small-pox; and, while I may yet be moved, pray let me be conveyed to the neighbouring town, to the inn, and let not your house be visited with the disease and the contagion.' 'Oh, God forbid that I'd do the like, sir, and turn the sick stranger outside my doors whin it's most he wanted the caring for—and in an inn, too! Oh, what would become of you at all in such a place, where I wouldn't have a sick dog, much less a gentleman, behowlin' to! Make yourself aisy, sir; and if it's as bad as you think, we'll take care o' you, niver fear.' 'I don't fear,' said the stranger, affected by the widow's kindness; 'but it is not right that you should have this horrid disease under your roof, and all for a stranger.' 'Keep your mind aisy, dear, do,' said the widow: 'sure we're all poor craythers, God help us! and if we did not help one another in our want and troublle, it's the dark and blake world it would be! and what would we be Christians for at all, if we hadn't charity in our hearts? I beg your pardon, sir, for sayin' charity to a gentleman; but sure it's not charity I mane at all, only tindherness and compassion. And, as for the sickness being under our roof, my chilid, God be praised! is over the small-pox—iv it be it—and had it light—as well as myself: so make your mind

aisy, dear, and dhrive it out from your heart with the whisky. Well, well! don't shake your poor head that way; I won't ax you to take it till you like it yourself: but whin there is an impression, there's nothin' like dhrivin' it out. So I'll have you, sir, for a while, and see if you can sleep; and I'll come in again by and by; and if you want any thing in the mane time, you can jist thump on the flue with the chair; I have put it convaynient to your hand: and the sooner you can bring yourself to take the sper'ts, the better. Well, well! I'll say no more—only it's the finest thing in the world, with a clove o' garlic, for worms or fayver, to throw out the venom.' And so, muttering praises on her favgurite panacea, she left the room."

It is impossible for us to enter into the various ramifications of the conspiracies which now occupy the canvass; the appearances and transformations of De Welskein, the master of a French smuggler off the coast; and the adventures which precede the mysterious removal of several of the actors from the stage. As we cannot, therefore, shew how United Irishmen agree and disagree in these respects, we shall give a brief extract to shew generally why they fight.

" Sure, we always do challenge each other to play a match of ball or hurling, and thin, in the coarse of play, one man gives a false ball, or another cuts it, and thin there's a dispute about it; or in hurlin', the same way, in the hate of the game, may be the fellow before you is jist goin' to have the ball all to himself, and you either him, hot foot, what can you do but give him a thrup? and away he goes head over heels, and if he's not disabled, there's a chance he loses his timper, and comes to thrup' over—when may be he is not so necessitated to thrup you as you wor to thrup him, and that doesn't stand to rayson in your opinion, and may be you can't help givin' him a clip o' the hurl, and down he goes; and thin, may be, one o' his barony sees that, and doesn't think it raysonable, and slaps at you—and so on it goes like fire among flax, and the play turns into a fight in no time; and, indeed, in the long-run we find 'tis the best way of arguin' the point; for there might be some fractious sper'ts would dispute about the fairness o' this play, or the fairness o' that play, and that it was an accident settled the game; but when it comes to rule fightin', there can be no words about it: for, you see, when you dhrive every mother's son o' them before you, and fairly leather them out o' the field, there can be no mistake about it."

The love adventures of our hero in Paris form a amusing episode; and his and Rory's return to Ireland after the rebellion has been quelled, brings on the *dénouement* through several appalling circumstances. Poor Rory's trial for murder, and the horrible fate of the tinker who, with Regan, the brother of Rory's sweetheart, occupy important situations throughout the novel; the extraordinary verdict of an Irish jury, and a multitude of other affairs, complete the interest of the third volume—an interest which is rather augmented than impaired by the comic relief occasionally thrown in to lighten it. Thus, when Rory is assured that De Lacy will see justice done him, we read:—

" God bless him!" said Rory, " he was always good and kind to me; and tell him, if you plaze, sir, that I'm sensible of all he's done for me, and even if I should die, I won't forget it all the same." It would puzzle you to remember it after you die, O'More. But

banish such melancholy thoughts, my man,—don't think of dying." "Faith, I hear it's a bad chance with any poor fellow who comes here of late, since the bad times. I hear they come in at the door, and go out at the window with a balkiny that has a very unsafe bottom to it; and for fear they should hurt themselves in tumblin' through it, they tie a bit of sthring to thim, to brake the fall." The lawyer could not suppress a smile at this ludicrous description of the fatal drop which Rory looked forward to at his new means of exit; but, in a gentle and soothing tone, desired him to be of good cheer, and not to let his heart fail him."

The trial reminds us (though with a " differ") of that of Kishogue:—

" Larry Finnegan again attempted to descend from the table, but was interrupted by the counsel for the prosecution; and the look of despair which the countenance of mine host of the ' Black Bull ' assumed was almost ludicrous. ' Is it more you want o' me? ' said he. *Counsel*. A few questions. Sit down. Larry scratched his head, and squeezed his hat harder than he had done before, and resumed his seat in bitterness of spirit; but his answers having latterly all gone smooth, he felt rather more self-possessed than he had done under his previous examination by the prosecuting counsel, and his native shrewdness was less under the control of the novel situation in which he was placed. The bullying barrister, as soon as the witness was seated, began, in a thundering tone, thus:—*Counsel*. Now, my fine fellow, you say that it was for the particular purpose of asking for his crow-bar that the prisoner went to your house? *Witness*. I do.—*Counsel*. By virtue of your oath? *Witness*. By the varth o' my oath.—*Counsel* (slapping the table fiercely with his hand). Now, sir, how do you know he came for that purpose? Answer me that, sir. *Witness*. Faith, thin, I'll tell you. When he came into the place that morning, it was the first thing he ax'd for; and by the same token, the way I remembir it is, that when he ax'd for the crow-bar he lint me, some one stan'in' by ax'd what I could want with a crow-bar; and Rory O'More with that said, it wasn't me at all, but the mistress wanted it (Mrs. Finnegan, I mane). ' And what would Mrs. Finnegan want wid it? ' says the man. ' Why, ' says Rory, ' she makes the punch so strhong, that she bent the spoons strhivin' to stir it, and so she borrowed the crow-bar to mix the punch.' A laugh followed this answer, and even Rory could not help smiling at his own joke thus re-tailed; but his mother, and Mary, and Kathleen, looked round the court, and turned their pale faces in wonder on those who could laugh while the life of him they adored was at stake; and the sound of mirth at such a moment fell more gratingly on their ears than the fierce manner of the bullying prosecutor. But the witness was encouraged, for he saw his examiner annoyed, and he took a hint from the result, and lay in wait for another opportunity of turning the laugh against his tormentor. He was not long in getting such an opening; and the more he was examined in hope of shaking his testimony, the less the prosecutor gained by it. At length the counsel received a whisper from Sweeny, that the fellow was drunk. ' He has his wits most d—nablely about him, for all that,' said the lawyer. ' He has been drinking all the morning—I can prove it,' said Sweeny; ' and you may upset his testimony, if you like, on that score.' ' I'll have a touch at him, then,' said the lawyer. When the jury perceived the same witness still kept on the table, and a re-examination for the prosecution en-

tered upon, they became wearied, and indeed no wonder; for the silk-gowned gentleman became excessively dull, and, had he possessed any tact, must have perceived from the demeanour of the jury that his present course of proceeding was ill-timed. Yet he continued; and, in violation of all custom, sought to invalidate the testimony of the man he himself had called as a witness; but Larry's cross-examination having favoured the prisoner, the crown counsel became incensed, and abandoned all ceremony and discretion, which at length was noticed by the bench. ' I beg your pardon, my lord, but I am anxious to sift this witness.' ' By gor!' said Finnegan, ' if you wor to sift me from this till to-morrow, the devil a grain more you'll get out o' me!—and indeed you've been gettin' nothin' but chaff for the last half hour.' The answer had so much of truth in it, that the counsel became doubly annoyed at the suppressed laugh he heard around him; and then he determined to bring up his heavy artillery, and knock Larry to atoms. *Counsel*. Now, sir, I've just a question or two that you'll answer by virtue of your oath. *The Bench*. Really, Mr. —. *Counsel*. I beg your ludship's pardon—but it is absolutely important. Now, by virtue of your oath, haven't you been drinking this morning? *Witness*. To be sure I have.—*Counsel*. How much did you drink? *Witness*. Faith, I don't know; I never thrubble myself keepin' count, barrin' I'm sarvin' the customers at home.—*Counsel*. You took a glass of whiskey before breakfast, of course? *Witness*. And glad to get it!—*Counsel*. And another after?—*Witness*. Av course—when it was to be had.—*Counsel*. When you came into the town, you went to a public-house, I hear, and were drinking there, too, before you came into court?—*Witness*. Oh, jist a thrifle among some frinds.—*Counsel*. What do you call a trifle?—*Witness*. Four pots a' porther and a quart o' sper'ts.—*Counsel*. Good God! Gentlemen of the jury, listen to this:—a gallon of porter and a quart of whiskey!—*Witness*. Oh, but that was betune six iv uz!—*Counsel*. Then, sir, by your own account, you're drunk at this moment.—*Witness*. Not a bit.—*Counsel*. On your oath—remember your oath, sir—do you think, after drinking all you yourself have owned to, you are in a state to give evidence in a court of justice?—*Witness*. Faith, I think a few glasses only helps to brighten a man!—and, betune ourselves, *Counsel* —, I think you'd be a grate deal the better of a glass yourself this minit.' The laugh which this rejoinder produced finished 'the counsellor,' and he sat down without roaring, as usual, at the witness. ' Go down, sir.' But Larry kept his seat until the laugh was over; and, not receiving the ordinary mandate to retire, he looked at the discomfited barrister with the most provoking affectation of humility, and said, ' Do you want me any more, sir? ' This renewed the laugh, and Finnegan retired from the table under the shadow of his laurels.'

We cannot conclude without giving two specimens of the lyrical compositions which enrich these volumes—the one charmingly poetical, and the other fanciful and lively; and neither unworthy of the charming songs of the author, now sung in every corner where music is heard.

" *The Land of Dreams*.
There is a land where Fancy's twining
Her flowers around life's fading tree,—
Where light is ever softly shining,

Like sunset o'er a tranquil sea.
'Tis there thou dwelt in beauty's brightness,
More fair than aught on earth e'er seems;
'Tis there my heart feels most of lightness,—
There, in the lovely land of dreams!

'Tis there in groves I often meet thee,
And wander through the sylvan shade,
While I in gentlest accents greet thee,
My own, my sweet, my constant maid !
There, by some fountain fair reposing,
Where all around so tranquil seems ;
We wait the golden evening's closing.—
There, in the lovely land of dreams !—
But when the touch of earthly waking
Hath broken slumber's sweetest spell,
Those fabled joys of Fancy's making,
Are in my heart remember'd well !
The day, in all its sunshine splendour,
Less fair to me than midnight seems,
When visions shed a light more tender
Around the lovely land of dreams !'

"The Wind and the Weathercock."

The summer wind lightly was playing
Round the battlement high of the tow'r,
Where a vine, like a lady, was staying.—
A lady vine perch'd in her bower.

To peep round the corner the sky wind would try :
But vanes, you know, never look in the wind's eye ;
And so she kept turning stily away :—
Thus they kept playing all through the day.
The summer wind said, " She's coquettish ;
But each belle has her points to be found :
Before evening, I'll venture on betting,
She will not then go, but come round."
So he tried from the east, and he tried from the west,
And the north and the south, to try which was best ;
But still she kept turning stily away :—
Thus they kept playing all through the day.
At evening, her hard heart to soften,
He said, " You're a flint I am sure :
But if valily you're changing so often,
No lover you'll ever see."
Sweet sir," said the vane, " It is you who begin,
When you change so often, in me 'tis no sin.
If only be constant—I'm sure so will I."

One feature more requires to be noticed, a new one in this species of publication ; namely, fifteen very clever and characteristic etchings, with which the pencil of the artist has illustrated the pen of the author. They are extremely clever and full of character.

Early English Poetry. Edited by Thomas Wright, B.A. Printed in the Black Letter, with Prefaces and Notes.—1. *The Turnament of Tottenham and the Feest*.—2. *The Nutbroune Maid*.—3. *The Tale of the Basyn, and that of the Frere and the Boy*.—4. *Songs and Carols*.—4 vols. square 16mo. London, 1837. Pickering.

If there be a Roxburgh Club in the pleasant land of Faery, and a Whittingham Press dedicated to the black-letter revellings of the antiquaries of Elf Land, the elegant little volumes whose titles we have just transcribed must surely have emanated from their joint labours. But a truce to jesting : these little Roxburghs, as we have heard them very aptly designated, contain some of the choicest specimens of early English poetry, which are none the less valuable for being of a popular character. The two ballads which form the first part are very early specimens of humour and burlesque, and filled with that jovial spirit which has gained for our father-land its well-known name of "Merry England." The old proverb couples a fray and a feast; and, in these two poems, they follow one another very naturally. The commendations which Prior and the Bishop of Dromore have bestowed upon the "Nutbroune Maid," render all praise on our part quite unnecessary : we cannot, however, refrain from expressing our satisfaction at having so nice a reprint of it in its earliest form. The "Tale of the Basyn" and "The Frere and the Boy" are two early tales of magic, printed from MSS. preserved in the public library at Cambridge ; and right laughable ones they are withal. They have both been long popular in England, and figure, also, in the traditional literature of Germany and Scandinavia. The story of the "Jew in the Bush," in Edgar Taylor's delightful collection of "Ger-

man Popular Stories," exhibits one of the most recent forms in which one of these wide-spread stories has appeared. The songs and carols from a manuscript in the Sloane Library are by no means the least interesting division of this agreeable series. They are very varied in their character, ranging from the pious carol to the homely ditty which the ploughman sang at his work or his ale. Several of the former are extremely pretty, and characteristic of the tone of popular religion in those days. We subjoin a couple of the other songs to which we have alluded. The first contains a caution to all young men matrimonially disposed, which in spirit coincides with the canonical injunction against marrying one's grandmother.

"Yung men, I warne yu every one,
Olde wywys tak ye none,
For I myself have one at home :
I dare not speke when she says ' peace.'
When I come fro the plow at none,
In a riven dish my mete is done,
I dare not asken our dame a spone :
I dare not, &c.
If I aske our dame bred
She takith a staf, and brekith myn hed,
And makith me run under the led :
I dare not, &c.
If I aske our dame feysh,
She brekith myn hed with a dyshe,
Boy, thou art not worth a ryse ;
I dare not, &c.
If I aske our dame chese,
Boy, she sayth, al at ese,
Thou art not worth half a pese :
I dare not speke when she sayth ' peace.'"

We earnestly recommend the foregoing to all Benedictines in prospectu. Should they, however, neglect its friendly caution, they may have to seek solace in the wine-pot, to which this collection affords the following most appropriate accompaniment, which is a curious and very early specimen of the Bacchanalian lyrics of the olden time :—

"Ommes gentes pleute :
I saw many byrdies setyn on a tre :
They tokyn theri flight and flew away,
With, ego dixi, have good day.
Many whyte feders hath the pye :
I may no more syngyn, my lypes are so drye.
Many whyte feders hath the swan :
The more that I drynke the less good I can.
Gye stykkes on the fyre, wel may yt bren :
Gye stykkes on to drak, er we go hem."

Great as is the value which these choice reliques of the ancient poetry of England possess in our eyes, this collection is rendered doubly acceptable to us by the introduction, and glossarial and explanatory notes, with which the editor has accompanied them. The poems themselves are either first editions, or printed, for the first time, from earlier and better manuscripts than have hitherto been used : while the editor's philological knowledge has rendered his share of the work not only exceedingly valuable, in illustration of the poems he has here collected, but, also, in regard to the state of the language generally, and the social manners of the age in which they were composed. The notes to the "Feest of Tottenham" display a view of the culinary art in those days, which Kitchiner would have rejoiced at.

We cannot close this notice without speaking in the highest terms of the manner in which these books are got up. The woodcuts, which are facsimiles from very ancient drawings, bearing an amusing analogy to the subjects referred to, are perfect gems.

The Star of Seville, a Drama : in Five Acts.
By Mrs. Butler (late Miss Kemble). Pp. 146.
London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

INSPIRED by reading our elder dramatists, this is a clever production ; imitative, but displaying considerable talent and force. The plot is deeply tragical, yet the greater portion

of the dialogue is of a comic nature, and maintained by idle ruffing gentlemen ; a most conceited ass, named Hyacinth ; two prating girls, Florilla and Isabel ; servants, and other inferior characters. The pathetic and the ludicrous are jumbled together without much discrimination, and the jar upon the mind is frequently unpleasant. We cannot stop on the instant from the scene of murder and despair to the revel of a tavern, or the pranks of sportive young ladies : the strings are out of tune, and the whole instrument jangles sadly with the ill-timed jesting. Thus, Act V., after the most afflicting scene in the tragedy, begins—

"Isabel. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! I pr'ythee give me leave, there shall no play—ha ! ha ! no acted play—shew better —ha ! ha ! ha !

Florilla. Nay now, but, coz—come, coz—come, Isabel ; stint laughing, and let's to work.

Is. Pray Heaven I die not on't—ha ! ha ! ha !

Flo. Beswesh thee, then ! what, wench, hast lost thy wits ?—marry, coz, coz ! Hang thee, vexatious minx ! thou puttest me past my patience.

Is. I have not put thee far ; ha ! ha ! is't not a jest ? is not a jest a thing to laugh at ?

Flo. Yea, but not this jest—lo you now, Isabel, we lose the time, he will be here, and nothing ready. My father will be coming, or Vasco, or— and we shall lose the very spring of our sport, for thy laughing.

Is. Nay, that were a bad joke at best. Where be these diamonds ?

Flo. Here, in this casket : I pr'ythee put them in my hair for me—quick.

Is. Meantime, do thou tell me, what for thou hast indicated this same amorous clothes-pegs ?

Flo. Marry, first in the street, as thou saw'st his outward man did hit my fancy's humour, as shewing him very fit —

Is. For a very mad jest—where shall I place this band ?

Flo. So, o'er the brow : 'twas so my mother wore it : there were her wedding diamonds, rest her soul !

Is. Amen !—and second, how ? good preacher, finish thy points, though they were fifty.

Flo. Why, I have since learned that this same many-coloured is the veriest braggarot that ever flinched from a chaste woman, from a fetch me yon mirror.

Is. Angels defend us ! and where heard'st thou this ?

Flo. Pedrillo late last night was with them at the Anchor, where, as thou know'st, they drank the sun to his bed, and well nigh out of it again ; among the guests was this same resistless wooer, who, as he saith, did utter such incredible tales of his amorous exploits, and did in such wise misprise and set at naught us luckless women, holding the conquests that he made by handfuls as cheap as handfuls of dust, that Pedrillo swears he must have lov'd more ladies than would people all the seraglios of the East.

Is. Is he rich ? he sure must be ; for he hath no charm else to tempt the veriest wanton—he must be very rich.

Flo. Tut, dost thou believe all this ; credit me, coz, if there be knaves of such a sort as Pedrillo, he pass himself off to be a fool that he have enough iniquity in them to wish to a villainous renown which they have not the daring to achieve, and who think by boasting and big words to make good their claim to an infamous reputation which they have not the boldness to merit in very deed—and such an one, or I am much deceived, is this. Among many others did he tell the tale of this same Segovian lady, to whom he said he was by contract bound. This is the fair forsaken thou must enact, and it shall go hard if between us we do not shew this same all-conquering senor the nettle of our Seville ladies.

Is. Art thou not horribly afraid of being alone with one so badly reputed ?

Flo. Afraid ! I'll tell thee, Isabel, it is our weakness makes these boaster strong. Credit me, did he know and feel our foolish firm, making a high and resolute stand in a stand still, and a mere hollow vigour, there's not the boldest braggar of them all but should strike colours to the veriest maid that ever bore our sex's blushing standard on her cheek. But for this mannikin did'st look in his face ?

Is. I looked for his face ; but indeed he was so monstrously bearded that may have one or no for ought mine eyes can touch.

Flo. Faugh ! a bearded becomes a man as well as the want of it becomes a woman ; but to see such a villainous bush of hair on the skin of what hath the mincing gait and lisping syllables of a pampered wanton, begets a very disgraceful indignation in me. But come, Isabel, unbind thy hair, I pr'ythee, so, upon thy shoulders—now put not me a look like the forsaken Dido—could'st thou not weep me out of thy bosom ?

Is. I'll use all endeavour.

Flo. Now spread thine arms abroad thus : weep, rant, rave, be disconsolate ; remember he hath deserted thee, and thou hast followed hither to claim him."

We cannot say that we like the humour of this sort of thing by itself ; but being misplaced, as we have noticed, it becomes still less reliable. We would also remark upon the want of feminine delicacy which its language

evinces; and, indeed, there are certain points in the *Star of Seville* which it rather surprises us a female hand should have written. It is a pity that some judicious friend of Mrs. Butler did not overlook the manuscript, and prevent her from publishing, in the vivacity of her mind, and without remembering that what was consistent with the manners of the age in Shirley, or Beaumont and Fletcher, is not tolerated from any quarter in our more refined time, the unfit allusion put into the mouth of Valentine (page 83), and nearly all the conversation between Hyacinth and Sancho (pages 99, 100), which is not quite proper for the decorous muse. But we are glad to dismiss the topic, and forget it in the following curious bit of composition:—

"We were as like two brothers, my Estrella,
More like than many that do call one woman mam."

Having now discharged the disagreeable part of our critical duty, we shall proceed to quote a few examples of passages which demand our praise: thus, the description of the heroine:—

"A young maiden's heart
Is a rich soil, whereon lie many germs
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there
To put forth blossoms in their fittest season;
And though the love of home first breaks the soil,
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,
While that one fades, as summer's flush of bloom
Succeeds the gentle budding of the spring.
Maids must be wives, and mothers, to fulfill
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being."

The dialogue between the lovers on the eve preceding their marriage is also very natural and touching.

"*Carlo.* There's nothing half so fair, or half so holy;
There's nothing half so wise, or half so lovely;
Nothing so wholly good and excellent,
As thou, my dear one! Thou art the very breath
That in me breathes; the blood within my veins,
Heart of my heart, and spirit of my spirit;
My nearest and dearest of life, my essential self!
Estrella. Pray leave protesting, sir, unless you wish
To burn my blushes out; I sha't have one
To help me look becomingly to-morrow,
An' you'll see them all to-day.

"*Caro.* To-morrow! Estrella,
Tell me, tell me, dost thou love me
As I love thee?"

"*Est.* By this living light!
Not as thou lov'st me; nor in the self-same way,
For that's a question I could ne'er have asked thee.

"*Caro.* Why not?

"*Est.* Why not? Because—here comes my brother."

The following is of a yet higher quality:—

"*Est.* Oh, nature knows no other coin for joy
Or grief, but melts them both alike in tears.
I have a thousand stifling feelings press
My heart to bursting; joy to the height of pain
Comes like a flood upon my every sense;
The voice runs through my frame like the soft touch
Of summer's hand o'er trembling harp-strings playing.
The gentle words I look'd the thought, I love,
I dare not meet, make my soul faint within me.
Oh! Carlos, there is pain in this deep pleasure,
And o'er our joys taste of earth's bitter root;
Besides, there is a thought that, hand in hand
With the sweet promise of our marriage, comes
Like shadow upon sunlight—I must go
From my dear home—the home of all my life,
Where I have lived, oh! such a happy time!
Aurora's tears are not more like each other!
Than the bright ever-blessed maiden hours
That the sun of time has, one by one, dried up."

And again:—

"*Est.* 'Tis a strange life; and in my hand I hold
Its strangest riddle: a throb'ring, restless joy
Beats in my heart, and flutters there like fear;
My little dying life comes back o'er me;
My past existence. How can you make it sweet,
Unmixed with any taint of bitterness;
And the bright future, like a sunless land
Decried afar, stretches like paradise
In rosy bower and golden fields before me.
Farewell, my home! farewell, my pleasant chamber,
Where time and I have still been gay companions;
Farewell, my virgin couch, which I shall press
No more with slumberous light, and smiling dreams,
That were not brighter than reality.
Night spreads her raven wings, and nears the earth;
My blood's on fire! Oh, for a breath of air!
From the cool gardens underneath the balcony!
Once more I'll listen to the rustling boughs,
Beneath whose leafy screens I've 'scaped the sun
Of eighteen summers; and, for the last time,

Mark how the moon-beams pierce the crystal folds
Of yonder fountain. (*Opens window.*)
Sleep hangs upon them all;
The trees do rock, the waters flow in sleep,
The sleepy stars wink in their sapphire beds,
The air breathes gently, heaving in its sleep,
And the round world spins sleepily on's axis.
I'll to my couch; mine eyes reflect no more
This earth's fair picture:—'tis night, 'twil soon be
morrow.

Now then I dream of him, till he returns.
Fare thee well, sweetheart!—Good night, Carlos,—
husband!"

With this we conclude, and will not mar the interest of the piece either by further quotations, or by entering upon the story. As a whole, we presume the writers of the country whence it is imported would apply the term "talented" to it; it reaches no higher standard.

History of the Afghans; translated from the Persian of Neamet Ulluh. Part II. By Bernhard Dorn, Ph. D. &c. &c. 4to. pp. 131. London, 1837. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund. Valpy.

AFTER a lapse of five years, Dr. Dorn has, at length, presented us with the conclusion of this very curious work. It consists of memoirs of the Afghan saints, and the genealogies of the various ruling families. The style is very amusing, more particularly the inflated oriental epithets, such as "that principal pole of the globe of sanctity!" that "crocodile in the sea of unity!" that "falcon of the religion of the saints!" that "hero on the field of retirement!" &c. We must give our readers some specimens of the wonders worked by these crocodiles and falcons.

"When the Khuaja was one day reciting the praises of the Almighty, his heart fell out of his mouth. Upon this, he ordered his servants to wrap it up, broken and burnt as it was, in white linen, and preserve it till his death, to put it with him into his grave; which request his attendants faithfully executed."

This must be a great comfort to other heartless persons.

"That investigator of truth, and revealer of mysteries; that flower of the just, and essence of the pious, Sheikh Mati Khalil, was a strict ascetic. They constituted him the head of twelve Sarbanni clans; and the Afghans flock'd in numbers to him, to become his pupils. When the rumour of his miracles had spread over the whole world, Sheikh Kutah Kasi came to try them; and proudly asked him, 'Do you style yourself the head of twelve clans?' To which he answered, 'Yes.' While they were one day seated on the banks of a river, Sheikh Hassan said, 'The ocean consists of water; and this river, on the banks of which we sit, consists of water, too: dive down, and fetch up pearls.' To this, Sheikh Mati replied, 'O Hassan! the diver gathers pearls in the ocean; but a saint should dive under ground, and pick up pearls from thence.' Sheikh Hassan Kasi saying, 'In the name of God!' Sheikh Mati ordered his youngest son, Hassan, to dive under ground, and, filling both his hands with pearls from the Almighty's subterranean treasury, to bring them up. The ground, where he was standing, opened; and young Hassan dived down, and reappeared with his hands full of pearls, which he laid before Sheikh Hassan Kasi. Upon that, he desired to dive down himself, to procure pearls; but when he got down as far as his knees, Sheikh Mati struck his hand upon the ground, and exclaimed, 'Do not allow Hassan Kasi to dive!' — in consequence of which, the latter could only with the greatest difficulty extricate his knee from the ground. He then seized the

foot of Sheikh Mati Khalil, and said, 'I am now fully convinced of thy greatness.' But God knows best the truth of this. • • •

"That chief saint (Ghouth) of his time, Shah Bakhtiar, who resided in the village of Haykhaneh, was a revealer of mysteries, a distinguished saint, and continually pining for the Deity. When he retired to perform the forty days' fasts, he used to take with him forty clovers. Almost all the Hadjis, that came to pay him their homage, addressed him with the words, 'O sheikh! when did you return from holy Mecca? for we have there, also, offered our respects.' One day, his servants, perceiving his clothes to be wet, inquired the reason of it. He answered, 'The ship of one of our friends being wrecked, I went to its assistance.' Some time after, that very friend arrived, and related to him that his ship being sunk at a certain place, he had vowed it to the sheikh; in consequence of which, God Almighty saved it from destruction. When the fame of the sheikh, and of his high qualities, spread abroad, the sheikhs of that place, out of envy, despatched robbers to assassinate him. The latter, accordingly, entered his bed-room; but, beholding all the limbs of the sheikh fallen asunder, and the head separated from the body, they were struck with terror. They then gave information of this to the envious; and from that day, the superior dignity of the saint was acknowledged, and the envious themselves became his pupils. But God knows best the truth of this. • • •

"That pole-star of the saints, and evidence of the devotees; that chosen of the Deity, and wave in the ocean of eternity, Sheikh Ali Sarvar Lodi Shahu Khalil, was one of the distinguished individuals amongst this tribe. He lived in the village called Gahrur, belonging to Mooltan. He was very devout; his prayers were always fulfilled, and his sight was blissful. The people of the contiguous districts ranged themselves in the series of his disciples. During thirty years, he never lay down, nor indulged in sleep. One day, while sitting in the mosque, a barber came in to shave him, but immediately lost the use of his eyes. Now, every person that Sheikh Najim Uddeen cast his sight upon obtained the gift of revelation. He, therefore, smiled, and said that this was very easy. When the barber finished his work, he felt himself in a wonderful state, and discoursed on the revelation of mysteries. He laid down his avocation, and devoted himself to an ascetic life; and people used to have recourse to him for the relief of their wants. Several pieces of timber having been carried to the sheikh, to repair his house, ten thieves, during the night, stole some of the pieces, put them upon their heads, and went away. On their arrival at home, they attempted to take their burdens off their heads, which, however, in spite of all their efforts, they could not effect. Being frightened in the extreme, they carried the timber back to the place where they had stolen it. In the morning they came to the sheikh, and confessed their guilt. His noble descendants at present are the resource of high and low, and his progeny and tribes are well settled."

The notes exhibit very great erudition, and are highly valuable.

The Works of Richard Bentley, D.D. Collected and edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London, 1837. Macpherson.

WE are glad to see, at last, the works of the father of (and also the best of) our critics published collectively; and we are surprised that

it has not been done long ago. Every thing that Bentley wrote is excellent in its kind. No man was ever so acute and judicious in his criticisms, so convincing and logical in his arguments, with such extensive and profound learning, as the writer of the "Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris."

The famous controversy on the authenticity of these Epistles, which may truly be looked upon as one of the most remarkable events of the close of the seventeenth century, and which (as we learn from his letter to Evelyn) the antiquarian Gale "abominated" at the time, but which left in this Dissertation so valuable a legacy to posterity, arose, as is well known, from one of the most paltry squabbles that can happen among men of letters. So often do small things produce, unexpectedly, great results! From Christ's Church, Oxford, under the name of Boyle, issued an edition of the "Pseudo-Phalaris," with a personal attack upon the great critic: it was answered in a slight, but skilful essay, appended to another person's book: this called forth the united strength of Christ Church, in the shape of an "Examination;" and was followed by the immortal "Dissertation," of which Mr. Dyce has rightly observed that, "in the just arrangement of the matter, in the logical precision of the arguments, and in the readiness and skill with which the most extensive and refined erudition is brought to bear upon the points contested, it is, perhaps, unrivalled by any single work. Enriched with incidental disquisitions on many different topics of classical learning, it will ever be prized by the student as a storehouse of important information. It is animated by a vein of genuine humour; and its diction is always sinewy, though sometimes coarse and sometimes pedantic."

The two first volumes of Bentley's works contain the "Dissertation on Phalaris;" the other Dissertations, which formed the Appendix to Wotton's "Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning;" and the celebrated "Epistola ad Millium," which was originally appended to the Oxford edition of John Maleas. The whole will, it is expected, extend to about six volumes, in octavo. The second volume is nearly ready, and will contain Bentley's theological writings; among which are the sermons, and the admired answer to the infidel Collins. We have carefully looked through these two volumes, and can safely say, that Mr. Dyce is a good scholar and a careful editor. Bentley could not have fallen into better hands.

M. A. Plauti Menachmei, cum Notis ac Glossario, ad Textum praecepit Bolhei. Editio Jacobus Hildyard, A.M. Coll. Chr. Soc. 8vo. Cambridge, 1637. University Press.

We take the occasion presented by the foregoing article, to glance at the work of a critic, and a good critic too, of the present day. There is no writer who has been so much neglected in the ordinary course of classical education, and who, at the same time, deserves so much to be generally studied, as Plautus; and it is with unfeigned joy that we see, at last, a prospect of having his several comedies laid successively before our rising scholars in a more tangible form. Mr. Hildyard, who is well known by the distinguished manner in which he has passed through the university, has taken for his model in arrangement the well-known editions of the Tragedies of *Æschylus*, by the present Bishop of London. His notes are, where necessary, critical; but they are more generally explanatory and glossarial, which are still more requisite in a writer like Plautus.

Another play, we believe, is in an advanced state. Mr. Hildyard is a scholar of whom the university may be proud.

While we praise the editor of this book, we must not forget the syndics of the University Press, by whose liberality it has been printed. In these days of change, the universities, like all our old institutions, must be attacked; but we trust the storm is passing by, and that they, at least, will survive its fury uninjured. There are those who are hungry for the spoil; but, we believe, to counterbalance their efforts, there is too great a weight of those who understand, and have participated in, the advantages of these noble institutions, to allow of their being touched. The only persons who can be hostile to them must be either those who are ignorant of their system and its working, or those who have passed through them unworthy. They are kind mothers to their children: from the moment a person enters the university, if he shews himself worthy of support, he will never want a powerful patron, who will hold him up in the world without any of the humiliating circumstances which are too often attendant on other patronage. A scholar, who is a member of the university, is truly a privileged man; and his privileges, if he know how to use them, are such as no other person nor body can confer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Pirate of the Gulf; or, Lafitte. 2 vols. London, 1837. Newman and Co.

THIS is not a very original idea, but the story is well told, and the interest well kept up; so that the whole is certainly very superior to the common run of novels. The "Pirate" will, therefore, be acceptable to readers of that class of works, and a profitable book for the circulating libraries. The narrative is too continuous to admit of extract.

Major Richardson's Movements of the British Legion in Spain, &c. 8vo. 2d edition. (London, Simpkin and Marshall).—This second edition is rendered more valuable and interesting by the strictures which are added on the war from May 1836 to the late disastrous events at Hernani. The author loudly condemns the conduct of General Evans in the conduct of his last operations, points out his military errors, charges him with courting the Spaniards at the expense of his countrymen, and accuses him with most unjustifiable severity and cruelty towards the latter. We have no doubt but that the author's allegations will form part of Sir Henry Martling's exposition, which stands for immediate discussion in the House of Commons. [This notice was written for last week, but not inserted for want of room. Our anticipation has been largely fulfilled by the debates.]

Novels of Nature, by Mrs. Chadwick. Pp. 312. (London, Longman and Co.; Bristol, Davey).—Two tales of moral tendency.

The Poor Churchman's Quarterly Magazine, edited by the Rev. T. K. Arnold, M.A. Vol. I. (London, Rivingtons).—A cheap and useful collection of creeds, tracts, extracts, &c. which may be perused with advantage by either poor churchmen or dissenters, if the latter may not be included in the epithet poor churchmen!

An Essay concerning the Nature of Man, by John Dryden. Pp. 150. (London, Longman and Co.).—The author contradicts and quotes Scripture largely in support of his argument, that the immortality of the soul is nowhere maintained as a Scriptural doctrine.

Arithmetick Illustrated by Woodcuts. Invented and arranged by Arthur Parsey. 12mo. pp. 44. (London, Longman and Co.).—We agree with Mr. Parsey, that "the accordance of figures with forms, arranged according to the popular rules of arithmetic, which is here presented, will assist the apprehension of youth of both sexes." Children are incapable of abstract reasoning; and any attempt to make them comprehend it, puzzles, not enlightens them.

The Young Duellists; or, the Affair of Honour. Pp. 183. (London, Simpkin and Marshall; Darton and Harvey; Hales).—A tale said to be founded on fact, and possessing interest enough to excite the attention of juvenile readers.

Woodcut Gleanings, by the Editor of *Sentimental Flowers*. With numerous Illustrations. Pp. 183. (London, Tilt; Edinburgh, Menzies).—This is a sweet, pretty volume, full of agreeable miscellaneous literature and pleasing anecdotes. It describes all our forest-trees, and has an engraving of each; mingling together history, fancy, poetry, and botany, in a manner at once highly picturesque and instructive. The prints are almost as numerous as the leaves on trees, and very tastefully executed. We would say, that altogether it is peculiarly a

production for the lady portion of creation, and the youthful lover of the country.

Remarks on the Four Gospels, by W. H. Furness. Pp. 309. (London, Fox).—Mr. Furness entertains rather sceptical views respecting the subject of Christ's mission, and also takes a peculiar view of the personal character of the Saviour, and of the facts recorded of his life. His volume, therefore, is one which would lead to much variety of opinion and controversy; and, consequently, is one of which all we shall say is, that, however men may differ from the writer, it is hardly possible to doubt that his purpose in seeking the truth is honest, and his faith of a finely natural and feeling order.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

[Pyramids : Sphinx : latest Discoveries.]

We have been favoured with the following account of the discoveries of Captain Caviglia, from a gentleman long resident in Egypt, and who is capable of appreciating their importance; and, with a view of obtaining the most authentic information upon the subject, he has applied to Captain Caviglia himself, and submitted it to his inspection previous to sending it. We give the document, translated from the French, in the original form in which we have received it.

"Captain Caviglia is well known by the researches he made, in 1817, in the interior of the Great Pyramid, by the discovery of the temple between the paws of the Sphinx, and by his laborious exertions in the examination of other monuments. In the year 1820, he recommenced his researches in the Great Pyramid. He had been anxious to ascertain the nature and use of the small apertures at the two sides, the north and south, of what is called the king's chamber, and had put up a number of sticks, fastened together in the form of a long rod, to the length of 120 feet; but this had no further result than the persuasion, that other chambers existed in the pyramid. Unprovided with implements capable of cutting the granite with which the interior of the chamber is lined, there was no possibility of enlarging these apertures, which are only about a foot in diameter; he therefore determined on cutting a passage through the limestone blocks behind the granite, and thus reaching the north-west one, which evidently passed in that direction. An opening of 15 feet in length having been made, the channel leading from the aperture in the chamber was discovered, and it was found to run towards the west, ascending at an angle of 27°; but after continuing his examination of it by the same means as before reported to, nothing further could be ascertained respecting its communication with another chamber, or its probable direction beyond that point. Something, it was hoped, might be determined by making another lateral opening, behind the granite, on the opposite side; and Captain Caviglia commenced this arduous undertaking from above, at the south-eastern corner of Davison's chamber, which lies immediately over that of the king, and succeeded in cutting through the masonry, to the distance of 20 feet. With the limited means at his disposal, he was, however, obliged to abandon the attempt after so much labour; and the use of those channels, and their extent, still remain unknown. In the same year, Captain Caviglia recommended his researches around the Sphinx. In 1817 he had laid open the north and east sides of that colossal monument, and in 1820 he uncovered the western portion, and found it to be seated on a pedestal, surrounded by a fosse, cut in the rock, which he imagined to be intended as a channel for water derived from the canal, whose existence he inferred from the bridge in the middle of the causeway, to the south of the

trees, in the hollow ground, some distance in front of the third pyramid."

Here we must be allowed to make a few remarks on the supposed canal, noticed by the writer, and by Captain Caviglia. The idea is partly derived from the account of Herodotus, and partly from the appearance of the bridge at the causeway; but, as the level of the Nile was formerly considerably lower than at present, and is still far below that of the plain and hill of the pyramids, it is evident that the water could only be raised to that height by artificial means, and could not be brought by any canal communicating with the river; the bridge in the causeway was merely intended as an opening, to enable persons travelling along the edge of the desert to pass the causeway, which would otherwise have interrupted the road that way; and the ponderous masonry covering it forms a necessary part of the causeway, over which the stones were taken to build the third pyramid. The northern causeway had a similar opening for the same purpose; and the purport of these openings, and the position of the surrounding objects, may be readily perceived in the plan of the pyramids attached to Mr. Wilkinson's "Survey of Thebes."

" While Captain Caviglia was making these researches, he discovered the remains of numerous buildings, houses and tombs, with a capacious cistern, hewn in the rock, about five miles to the north-west of the Great Pyramid, near the village of Kerdasseh. There were no traces of hieroglyphics, or of other inscriptions, which would lead to any discovery relating to the town which once stood there; but, supposing that other ruins might be discovered in the vicinity, these researches were continued, and an inclined road, of considerable breadth, and solidly constructed, was observed to lead to the summit of a hill, a short way up the valley. He was delighted and surprised by finding that it led to a platform, which was partly occupied by a stone pyramid, about 300 feet square, surrounded by other smaller pyramids of granite; and the upper portion having fallen, or been purposely removed, the chamber, or hollow space of the interior of the pyramid, was exposed to view. It was cut in the rock, and an inclined passage led down to it from without, on the north side. Few tiers of stone remained of the upper part; but it was remarked, that the granite was much injured by time, and sometimes completely decomposed: and Captain Caviglia concluded, from this, and from the general appearance of the ruin, that it must have been of a date anterior to the erection of the pyramids of Geezeh, where the granite remains in a very perfect state of preservation; though no mention is made of it, nor of the town near which it stood, by any ancient writer. These researches were continued till the year 1821, when Captain Caviglia went to the Memphis, with a view of examining the site and ruins of the ancient city. He had the good fortune there to discover the beautiful colossus of Sesostris (Reneses the Great), which has been so much spoken of in Europe, and which is supposed to be one of those said, by Diodorus, to have been erected at Memphis by that monarch."

This statue has lately been offered to the British Museum, as a cadeau from Mr. Sloane, our vice-consul in Egypt, on condition of its being removed within a certain time,—we believe two or three years; and it is hoped that the government will not grudge the expense of bringing to England so fine a monument of

art. We confess, we shall not be surprised if the time is suffered to elapse before measures are taken for its removal; and then we may, perhaps, purchase at a high price, from another possessor, what is now offered as a present.

" The researches of Captain Caviglia in the Great Pyramid were again resumed in 1836; and the examination of the second pyramid was not neglected. He there discovered a third passage, communicating by a pit with the other two explored by Belzoni, at the point where those two unite on their way to the central chamber; which, it is hoped, will lead to satisfactory results respecting the distribution of the interior. He then decided on opening the mouth of the lower passage, which had been explored to within a certain distance, and was found closed with large stones; and on excavating the pyramid from without, he found that the rock had been covered with a coating of red stucco, to the distance of forty-three feet from the base; and a stone being discovered bearing the same kind of stucco, it was conjectured that the whole of the pyramid had been covered with red stucco to the same height of forty-three feet. The endeavours of several persons to open the third pyramid have been hitherto fruitless, and many points have been fixed upon as likely to lead to a disclosure of the passage; but Capt. Caviglia is of opinion that there is more probability of success if an opening is carried through the open space on the north face, than by looking for an entrance at the base. In the meantime, the examination of the Great Pyramid has been continued, and an opening being commenced above the entrance to Davison's chamber, the roof of which is supposed to form the base of an upper apartment. Capt. Caviglia hopes shortly to succeed in forcing a passage above the masonry of its flat roof. The excavations in the vicinity of the Sphinx have, also, been continued; and he has found, at the distance of 300 feet from it, in the W.N.W. direction, a large tomb, surrounded by a fosse, eighteen feet in length, and six in breadth, and hewn in the rock to the depth of more than sixty feet, to which the excavations have already extended; and this promises the most curious and important results."

Unfortunately, these researches have been suspended for the present, probably for want of funds; but this the writer fails to inform us. We trust, however, that such interesting discoveries will not be abandoned when on the eve of giving a satisfactory reward to the labour bestowed upon them; and we may still hope to see the secrets of those monuments unveiled, and the date, as well as the object of their erection, satisfactorily ascertained.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

At the last meeting on Thursday, the following letter (transmitted by the writer to us for insertion) was read from Mr. Hogg to the president:—

Sir,—I take the liberty of writing a few lines to you in reply to a letter from Mr. Akerman, one of the secretaries to the Numismatic Society, addressed to you, and just published in the *Numismatic Journal*, No. IV. for April 1837, at page 272: from which I must infer that the writer intended to hold me up to numismatists, as an example of one "all but ignorant of the existence of such an important adjunct" (as medals) "to the annals of the historian." It is with the view of correcting this, as well as other erroneous statements, that I have been induced to trespass on your attention, and on that of the Numismatic Society. First,

Mr. Akerman has "ventured, most unadvisedly," to assert that "Mr. (John) Hogg commences by stating that, although the praenomen IMP. is omitted, the inscription belongs to Claudius I." Now, if Mr. Akerman had been contented to have waited for a few weeks, until my paper had been published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature," he would then have seen that what I have really said is very different from what I am made to state in his letter, and which he has evidently copied from a somewhat incorrect abstract of my Essay. What, indeed, I have written is as follows:—"TI. CLAVDIO.—the commencement here omits IMP., the praenomen or title of emperor, which I have not noticed in any of the inscriptions to Claudius Caesar, collected by the accurate epigraphologist, Gruter; and Suetonius expressly tells us, that he refused that title: 'Praenomini imperatoris abstinet.' (*In Vit. Claud. c. 12.*) This affords a proof in identifying to what Claudius the marble must be referred; and a still further and more satisfactory proof, that it belonged to Claudius, the fifth Roman emperor," &c. &c. Secondly, If Mr. Akerman had likewise waited to peruse my paper, and the many notes contained in it, he would have discovered that I have made use of several authentic coins and medals of Claudius, in order to illustrate and to confirm certain facts comprised in the history of that period on which I was then engaged: and those I introduced by way of collateral evidence; for, of course, I felt that, in a subject of epigraphy, my primary or direct evidence ought to be that of well-authenticated inscriptions. Thirdly, "as regards the inscription itself," I am quite sure that the date, supplied on whatever authority by the Roman antiquary, Gauges de' Gozze, is incorrect; and I flatter myself that, if Mr. Akerman had studied my essay, as well as the works to which I have referred in it, he would have arrived at the same conclusion. The merest tyro in the history of our own country, who has only looked over the plates in any of the later editions of Camden's "Britannia," or the woodcuts of the "History" of John Speed, must be familiar with those coins of Claudius having a triumphal arch, with the epigraph DE BRITANNIS, and which are engraved in those books: but the titular formula in their legends runs thus: TRIB. POT. VIII. COS. IV. IMP. XVI., and not TRIB. POT. IX. COS. V. IMP. XVI. These coins were not struck either on the occasion of Claudius's first triumph, on his return from Britain in A.D. 44, or on that of his second triumph over the British king, Caractacus, which took place in A.D. 51: but, as I have conjectured (in one of the notes to my paper), they were expressly minted in commemoration of that emperor's having enlarged the Pomerium, or boundaries of the city of Rome, which he most probably did in consequence of his having extended the limits of the Roman empire by his conquests in Britain—"Auctis Populi Romani finibus"—as the inscription that was erected upon that occasion distinctly informs us. (See Gruter, Vol. I. p. 196, No. IV. Ex. edit. Græv. Amst. 1707); and to which conquests the arch and DE BRITANNIS would seem clearly to refer. This important event occurred, according to Tacitus (*Annal. xii. c. 23.*), about the latter part of the year in which C. Pompeius and Q. Veranius were consuls; i.e. in A.U.C. 802, or A.D. 49, when Claudius held the tribunitian power for the ninth, the consulship for the fourth, and had assumed to himself the imperatorial cognomen for the sixteenth time. I have

proved in my essay, that the TRIB. POT. IX. and COS. V., cannot stand together in the same titular form; and I am sure Mr. Akerman would think so too, if he were carefully to examine, *inter alios*, the following authentic books: — the "Fasti Rom. Cons." of Onnophrius; "Panvinius" of Jansonius ab Almelevenus; Gruter's "Inscrif. Antiq.;" Mediobarbi "Imp. Rom. Numis.;" Vaillant's "Numis. Imp. Rom.," &c. Again; in no work of authority on epigraphology, or on numismatology, have I ever found the titular formula TRIB. POT. IX. COS. V. IMP. XVI.; and should it be noticed on any coin of Claudius, I should be inclined to pronounce it as spurious; for, I need not mention to any one conversant in these matters, the well-known trick practised by foreign vendors of medals, of altering the letters and numerals on their legends. And should I be shewn an engraving of such a medal, or a copy of an inscription to Claudius with that formula, I should have little hesitation in saying, that the engraver, or copier, had inadvertently placed COS. V. for COS. IV., by having merely omitted an I before the number V. Lastly; I cannot but consider it somewhat unaccountable that the editor of the *Numismatic Journal* should have published his own letter to you, and should not have also published the "Observations by Mr. Cullimore, which were read" (March 16, 1837), and in which the writer expressed an opinion that Mr. (John) Hogg was not in error in his conjecture as to the date of the inscription in the palace Barberini." — See *Numismatic Journal*, No. 4, p. 274. I will now only hope the same degree of publicity will be given to this letter, as has been given to that of Mr. Akerman, at page 272 of the *Numismatic Journal*; and think, in justice to myself, that it should be favoured with a place in the next number of that work. Let me add that, when my paper shall have appeared in the forthcoming part of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature," nothing will give me greater pleasure and satisfaction than to receive fair and candid criticisms upon any passages in that imperfect essay, whereby I may be enabled to correct all those errors which may really exist, either from Mr. Akerman, or from any other learned person. I have the honour to remain, &c.,

JOHN HOGG.

12 King's Bench Walk, Temple.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY. Rev. W. Whewell, president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Owen on the cranium of the *Toxodon*, a new extinct gigantic animal, referable by its dentition to the *Rodentia*, but with affinities to *Pachydermata* and herbivorous *Cetacea*. This cranium forms part of the series of fossils collected by Mr. Darwin in South America. It was found in the Sarandis, a small tributary of the Rio Negro, about 120 miles N.W. from Monte Video; and had been imbedded in the whitish, argillaceous earth which forms the banks of that rivulet. The subsoil of the whole of the surrounding country is granitic; and Mr. Darwin considers the argillaceous covering to be an estuary deposit, accumulated by the river now called the Plata, and at a period when the land was at a lower level, with reference to the ocean, than it is at present. The dimensions of this interesting fossil, the extreme length of the skull being two feet four inches, and the

* I remark that the first paper in No. 4 of that journal was read before the Numismatic Society on the same day with those observations.

extreme breadth one foot four inches, amply attest that the species to which it belonged attained a magnitude, comparable only with some of the gigantic pachyderms or the extinct megatherium. From the structure of the molar teeth and their continuous mode of growth, Mr. Owen shewed that the toxodon is referable to the *Rodentia*: but that it differs from the existing animals of that order in the number and relative position of the incisors, and in the number and direction of the curvature of the molars. The *Toxodon* again deviates from the true *Rodentia*, and resembles the wombat in the form of the articular cavity of the lower jaw. It differs from the *Rodentia*, and resembles the *Pachydermata* in the relative position of the glenoid cavities and zygomatic arches, and in many minor details. In the aspect of the plane of the occipital region of the skull; in the form and position of the occipital condyles; in the transverse extent of the frontal region of the skull; in the aspect of the plane of the bony aperture of the nostrils; and in the thickness and texture of the osseous parieties of the skull, the toxodon differs from both the *Rodentia* and *Pachydermata*, and manifests an affinity to the cetaceous order. From these instances of aberrant characters in the *Toxodon*, considered as a gigantic rodent, and which were described in admirable detail, Mr. Owen pointed out that, although the teeth, from their correspondence with many other important parts of the animal structure, and from the facility of observing them, are highly important and useful zoological characters, yet that they are not, in all cases, sufficient alone to determine the order to which a mammifer belongs; and that, upon due consideration, it will appear, that dental characters must yield the precedence to those afforded by the modification of the organs of progressive motion. It may, therefore, be inferred that those orders in the present received systems of mammalogy, which are founded on characters afforded by the teeth alone, are less natural and less important groups than those which are based on modification of the locomotive extremities, and, *a fortiori*, on those which combine such distinctive characters with equally characteristic peculiarities of dentition. At present there is no evidence to determine what was the nature of the extremities of the *Toxodon*; but Mr. Owen is of opinion that, although it cannot be positively affirmed that the genus may not be referable to the *Muticata* of Linnaeus, yet, from the development of the nasal cavity and the frontal sinus, it is extremely improbable the habits of the species were so strictly aquatic as the entire absence of hinder extremities would occasion. In conclusion, he pointed out the interesting fact, that the recent animal most analogous to the *Toxodon*, combining the characters of a pachyderm and a rodent, and from its aquatic habits called the water-hog or *hydrocherus*, exists only in South America—the same region in which this gigantic fossil, possessing similar aberrant peculiarities, has been discovered.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 20th. J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S. president, in the chair.—A paper was read from the secretary, W. M. Chatterley, Esq. being a continuation of the translation of M. Alphonse de Candolle's "Geographical distribution of Plants used for Food," extracted from "La Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève." The paper treated of the following *Gramineæ*, the barley, oat, rye, and wheat; the limits of the cultivation of which to the north were pointed out. A paper was also read from Mr. Thomas Han-

cock, on the varieties of *Lamium maculatum*. The meeting then adjourned until May 4th.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 13th April.—The following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—A. E. Somerset, E. Fitz Roy Talbot, Students of Christ Church; J. P. Hugo, Fellow, A. C. Yard, Exeter College; Rev. W. H. Carwithen, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. H. G. Eland, Magdalen Hall; H. D. Sparling, Pembroke College; T. J. Brown, Fellow of New College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Earl of Burlington in the chair.—A portion of an exceedingly interesting paper, being observations taken on the western coast of America, by the late David Douglas, drawn up by Major Sabine, and communicated by Lord Glenelg, was read. After glancing at the humble pursuits of Mr. Douglas's early life, the paper proceeds to notice his introduction to the scientific circles of the metropolis, by the late Joseph Sabine, Esq.; and the success of his mission under the auspices of the Horticultural Society, and of Sir George Murray, and Mr. Hay of the Colonial Office. Of Mr. Douglas's success as a botanical collector, it is unnecessary here to say a word; every flower-garden in the empire bears testimony to his skill and indomitable perseverance. Though Mr. Douglas's scholastic attainments were scanty—not extending further in arithmetic than to the first four rules—yet with a vigour of mind equal to his great strength of body, he applied himself to study, and to the use of various instruments, to enable him to make observations when at sea and abroad. By studying 18 hours a-day for three months prior to his leaving England, he made himself master of his instruments; and on board ship, during the outward voyage, his days, to use his own phrase, were as moments, so engrossed was he in study. The paper then notices his arrival at his destination, the loss of his books, papers, &c. by the dashing to pieces of the canoe in which he attempted to pass the rapids; and the present portion of it concludes with a list of upwards of a dozen volvances of observations of various kinds, made by Mr. Douglas at the Sandwich Islands, California, the Rocky Mountains, &c. The next portion will be devoted to the Observations themselves, and no doubt will touch upon the catastrophe by which our lamented countryman lost his life.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—The reading of Sir Frederic Madden's historical essay on Perkin Warbeck was concluded. Much new information on the subject has been elicited in this account, but, from its length, and being read in three detached portions, we regret our inability to give any analysis of it.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

ON Saturday, Sir A. Johnston, V.P. in the chair.—Among the donations was the skull of Muchala, a Thug chief, executed at Sanger, Central India, in 1832; presented by Dr. Spry. A paper on the saltiness of the Red Sea, was read to the meeting, by J. G. Malcolmson, Esq., detailing the particulars of some experiments performed by that gentleman, while returning from India, in the year 1836, and which he had been led to make by the report of the officers of the Hugh Lindsay steamer, that, in consequence of the greater saltiness of the sea in that part of the voyage, they had been obliged to blow off the steam more frequently

there than elsewhere; and, by the discrepancies in the results of the analyses of Mr. Prinsep and Dr. Ure, which Mr. Prinsep supposed might be accounted for by the water, on which the various trials had been made, having been taken from different parts of the Red Sea. Mr. Malcolmson's object was to discover how far this was the case; and, although prevented by illness from performing all that he wished to do, he found, in fact, that the water of the neighbourhood of Mocha differed, in specific gravity, very little from that analysed by Mr. Prinsep, while the specific gravity of that taken up at Cosseir, corresponded with the result obtained by Dr. Ure. Mr. Malcolmson concluded by shewing that the increased quantity of salt, shewn by the increased specific gravity, would have a considerable influence on the rapidity of deposit in the boilers, and would be the occasion of some delay in the voyage. A short note, by Baron Hammer and Purgstall, was read, in which the learned orientalist alludes to four Turkish biographies of Mohammed, printed within these sixteen years in Persia and Egypt, containing a mass of facts unknown to the European biographers of the prophet. One of these works records the first translation of the Scriptures, from the Hebrew into the Arabic tongue, to have been made by the cousin of Khadija, Mohammed's first wife. The original Turkish says, "Gospels;" but the baron concludes, that the mention of the Hebrew tongue is decisive that the Bible was meant, and that this is confirmed by the more intimate acquaintance shewn by Mohammed with the Bible than with the New Testament. The reading of some curious details of the doctrines and customs of the Buddhist priests of Siam, by Captain James Low, was commenced. The chairman announced, that the fourteenth anniversary meeting of the Society would take place on the 6th of May.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Antiquaries, 2 P.M. (Anniversary); Geographical, 9 P.M.; Belgrave Literary, 8 P.M. and the evening Monday (Mr. E. Cowper on Carving and Sculpture).

Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (Dr. Ritchie on Statics and Mechanics); Lambeth Literary, 8½ P.M. (Mr. Morton on the Composition of the Atmosphere).

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M. (Anniversary); Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (Captain Norton on Rifle Shells).

Friday.—London Institution, 7 P.M. (Anniversary); Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

Saturday.—Zoological, 1 P.M. (Anniversary).

FINE ARTS.

NEW WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY. (Second notice.)

138. *Luther's Conference with Cardinal Cajelan, at Augsburg, A.D. 1520.* W. H. Kearney.—Every thing connected with the great Reformer must create an interest in the free and intelligent mind. Highly deserving of pictorial, as it has been of historical record, the artist has entered upon his task with every requisite quality for its happy execution. In its arrangement, expression, colouring, effect, and execution, it exhibits Mr. Kearney's talents to great advantage.

149. *Demosthenes haranguing the Waves.* 124. *Kilmeney.* J. Martin.—In these performances, Mr. Martin has presented us with two masterly examples; the one of the sublime, the other of the beautiful. In the former, the figure of Demosthenes is an adjunct, rather than a principal; but the tumultuous ocean, the profound depth, broken by gleamy splen-

dour, may be considered as typical of the unrivalled qualities of his eloquence.

167. *A Street in Damascus.* From a sketch taken on the spot by Captain H. Byam Martin, R.N. Henry Warren.—Those have travelled to good purpose who, like Captain Martin, bring home sketches of such interesting localities; and those have studied the art to good purpose who, like Mr. Warren, can thus embody them. The artist has very judiciously given a detailed description of the subject, and of the characters connected with it, in the catalogue; and we have only to express our admiration of the skill which he has displayed in working up his costly materials. 77. *Tempé,* by the same artist, shews the versatility of his genius, and the extent of his powers.

95. *Fresh Breeze; Boats Dredging for Oysters in Whitstable Bay.* E. Duncan.—Frequently as this class of subjects have met our eye in different exhibitions, we have seen none which, in effect and detail, have surpassed the present performance. The varied arrangement of the vessels, their action, and the motion of the water, together with the harmonious tone of colour, and the spirited execution, place the artist high in the rank of marine art; to which, however, the pathos manifested by him in 254, *The Widow*, shews that he is not exclusively confined.

70. *Cour St. Amand, at Rouen.* L. Hageh.—As we observed of the last-mentioned work, numerous as pictures of this class are in our several exhibitions, we have seen none of more picturesque character, or of more masterly handling.

232. *Interior of a Virtuoso's Library.* T. Kearnan.—Rich in materials, the artist has not only arranged them with skill and taste, but has invested them with an effect, and a harmony of colouring, equally attractive.

225. *Stand at Ease;* 226. *Attention;* 227. *Make Ready;* 228. *Present;* 229. *Fire;* 230. *Victory.* C. H. Weigall.—This gallinaceous parody on military manoeuvres is carried on with the most farcical originality, and without a touch of caricature. The pugnacious heroes of the barn-door are drawn and coloured to the life; and the whole series is very amusing.

187. *Catching the Expression.* F. Rochard.—One of the most fascinating countenances that can be imagined. If a faithful resemblance (of which it bears the stamp), the fair possessor of it must catch hearts as well as expression.

131. *From the Spectator.* F. Corbaux.—Taste and talent are the characteristics of this performance. We congratulate Miss Corbaux on her success, both in the present production, and in 282, *A Roman Peasant with Flowers*, the clearness of the shadows in the flesh of which has never been surpassed.

259. "Wait your Turn." Miss L. Corbaux.—A village girl sharing her meal with a favourite dog; no uncommon occurrence in rural companionship. This is also treated with great simplicity and beauty.

253. *The Fortune Teller.* E. H. Wehnert.—The concomitant accessories, as well as the interior of a fortune-teller's apartment, are of themselves sufficient to furnish materials for a picture. These, as well as the principals, have been ably executed by the artist; but the mellow tone of colouring under which they are seen will, perhaps, equally recommend the performance.

The exhibition is rich in topographical scenes. Among them we particularly noticed,—184. *Waterloo Bridge, from Hungerford Stairs.* T. Maizey.—52. *A View of London, taken from one of the Towers of Westminster Abbey.* T.

Kearnan.—173. *Sittingbourne Church, Kent.* J. Fahey.—194. *A Timber Yard on the Thames, near Lambeth.* G. S. Shepherd.—71. *The Grampians, from Strathspey;* and 76. *Falls of the River Dulnain, Morayshire.* Douglas Morison.—To these we may add, of miscellaneous subjects,—202. *Returning from Hawking.* B. R. Green.—108. *The Forsaken.* W. N. Hardwick.—110. *A Foraging Party Surprised.* R. Farrer.—240. *A Troubadour renewing his Mistress.* L. Hicks.—186. "We twa ha paident in the burn." H. Warren.—134. *Weeds;* 140. *Flower Piece;* 239. *Fruit.* Mrs. Harrison, &c. &c.

We have thus given what, we hope, is a fair, although it is a brief, notice of this exhibition; and we repeat that we think it an advance on the former exhibitions of the same society.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Egremont. Painted by G. Clint; engraved by T. Iupton. Mason, Brighton.—The fine whole-length portrait of that excellent nobleman, the Earl of Egremont, from which this very clever print has been engraved, was recently noticed by us, as one of the ornaments of the present exhibition of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street. It was "presented by the inhabitants to the town-hall of Brighton, as a mark of their esteem for his distinguished worth; and in testimony of the high estimation they entertain of his munificent support of the public institutions of that town, and of his services as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Sussex."

Restoration of the Roman Forum. Engraved in line, by W. R. Smith, from an original drawing, taken at Rome in the year 1832, by S. J. Walker, Architect, Nottingham. London, Williams.

THE genius and acquirements of Cuvier enabled him, from the examination of a single bone of the vertebral column, confidently to declare the class to which the animal had belonged, to delineate its form, and to describe its nature. Mr. Walker appears to possess similar powers with reference to the noble art of which he is a professor. The shattered and comparatively scanty remains of the celebrated edifices on which his skill has been employed, have afforded him the means of representing them as they may be supposed to have stood in their pristine magnificence. This is a print which must be highly interesting, not only to the artist and the antiquary, but to all whose classical associations are still vigorous and delightful.

The Birth Day. Painted by Miss Fanny Corbaux; engraved by W. Carlos. F. G. Moon. STRONGLY stamped with the feminine taste and elegance of all Miss Corbaux's performances.

Heath's Shakespeare Gallery. Parts V. to IX. Tilt.

FIFTEEN clever little female half-lengths; some of them remarkable for their beauty and expression. They are from designs by Meadows, Jenkins, Bostock, Parrish, Herbert, Leslie, R.A. Chalon, R.A. Corbould, and Stepanoff.

Hide and Seek. Painted by J. B. Herbert; engraved by Mrs. W. H. Simmons. F. G. Moon.

How delightful is every thing that reminds us of the sports of our youth; and of those sports which were more joyous than that which gives a title to this pretty little print? The arch ex-

pression of the countenance of the young hider, and the manner in which she draws up her person, so as to make herself as little visible as possible, are admirable. We have before had occasion to remark on Mrs. Simmons's talents of a mezzotinto engraver. With the exception, perhaps, of a slight tendency to hardness, this is a fine specimen of them.

Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain.
Parts IV., V., and VI. Tilt.

WE have already expressed our admiration of this able and national work. The most striking views in these three Parts are "Sunderland," "Whitby," "Flamborough Head," and "Portsmouth."

Rome, and its surrounding Scenery. Engraved by W. B. Cooke, &c. No. VI. Tilt.

THIS classical little publication proceeds with the spirit which has distinguished it from its commencement. The views in the present Number are "The Church of St. Agnes," "The Chigi Palace," and "The Temple of Tivoli."

Retzsch's Outlines to Shakespeare. Romeo and Juliet. 1836.

THE finest of the series that we have seen. Nothing can exceed the beauty, tenderness, and elegance, with which some of the scenes are embodied. The farewell of the youthful bride and bridegroom, on the morning after their marriage, is especially exquisite.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSA.

(Suggested by Wilkie's celebrated Picture.)

THERE were murmurs through the night,
As of multitudes in prayer;

There were tears of wild affright,
And the wailing of despair:
For Invasion's gory hand
Scatter'd havock o'er the land.

The startled morn arose
To the trumpet's fierce acclaim,
To the ringing steel of foes,
And the battle-hoats of flame;

Whilst the Gallic wolves of war
Round were howling, and afar.

The matron armed her son,
And pointed to the walls:
"See, the carnage hath begun,
'Tis thy bleeding country calls!
Better, son, the patriot's tomb,
Than a slave's ignoble doom."

The gray-haired father took
His time-worn brand and shield;
The pale monk closed his book,
The peasant left his field;
And daughters, e'en a scar had grieved,
Now deeds of dauntless heart achieved.

Right onward dash'd the foe,
O'er the red and reeking ground,
Till the giant gates below
Burst with an earthquake sound;

And the rocking walls yawned deep,
Neath the cannon's shattering sweep.

Yet ne'er with tyrant warred
A firmer, bolder band:
Again the gates were barred—
Again the walls were manned;
Again, as with prophetic sight,
The hallowed cross advanced the fight.*

* Padre Consolacion, an Augustin friar, exhibited remarkable ability in the defence, as an engineer; and, *cruelty in hand*, marked the point on which the gun should be brought to bear.

But heavier woes beset
The still unvanquish'd brave,
'Mid sounds that seem'd the knell
Of Freedom's hopeless grave:
A hurricane, a blazing shower,
Swept shiver'd rampart, rock, and tower!

The ammunition-caves,
Exploding, rent the ground,
And scatter'd dwellings, like the waves
Of endless ruin, round:
And they no foeman might outrun
Then fled, their children, wives, to save!

In that appalling hour,
When Gaul with Gaul combined
To quell the freeman's power,
To crush the valiant mind—
When e'en the last defence had died, [tide? Who braved the storm? who stemm'd the

No steel-girt knight of fame,
No chief of high emprise;
A maiden's soul enshrined the flame
Which lit Hope's darkening skies:
A maiden's valour dealt the blow,
And stepp'd 'twix conquest and the foe —

Stood on that fatal brink,
Defying pain and death!
And could Napoleon's legions shrink
Before a woman's breath?
Could Gaul's proud eagle, from its height,
Stoop to a mean, disastrous flight?

Yes: that fair arm withstood
The chivalry of France,
And pour'd destruction, like a flood,
On quailing helm and lance:
Leonidas in maiden's stole,
A woman's breast with Curtius' soul!
Heroic heart and true!
Thy deeds shall find a voice
To bid usurping tyrants rue,
And freedom's sons rejoice:
The loved of Time, the prized of Fame,
Spain's noblest boast, and Gallia's shame!

C. SWAIN.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY

STATISTICS OF CRIME.

The Convict Greenacre.

[We place the following notice under our head of Sketches of Society, as it affords a remarkable illustration of circumstances often noticed in the statistics of crime,—namely, that the most horrible offences are frequently prompted by preceding examples dwelling on the mind till a species of monomania ensues; and, in other cases, that instances of extraordinary guilt seem to be fearfully copied by the inhuman perpetrators of similar atrocities.]

At the late trial of the above criminal at the Old Bailey, the counsel for the prosecution made an allusion to the case of Gaidelle, who was executed on the 4th of April, 1761, at the end of Panton Street, in the Haymarket, for the murder of Mrs. King, at whose house he lodged, in Leicester Fields; and, from the similarity of the circumstances, as well as line of defence set up by Greenacre, one might almost be led to suppose that the latter was fully acquainted with Gaidelle's case. The narrative runs thus:—Theodore Gaidelle was a native of Geneva, and bred a limner and painter in enamel. He quitted Paris at the age of forty, where he left a wife and a child, and came to London about ten months before the murder was committed, and lodged at the house of the deceased. If we take his account of this horrid transaction, he represents that, having asked her for the payment of a picture which he had painted for her, she fell into a passion and struck him; upon which he pushed her, and one of her feet being entangled in the floorcloth, she fell, and hit the side of her head

against the bedstead, which stunned her: that, fearing she might recover and accuse him, he, that instant, conceived the thought of murder; and, pulling out a penknife, stabbed her in the neck, which same put an end to her existence; that he then concealed her body beneath the bed-clothes, and the next morning cut off her head, legs, and arms; and, what is scarcely credible (although from his own relation), having some knowledge of anatomy, he sat down coolly to dissect them; and afterwards, at different times, threw them into the fire, having taken the precaution to use green wood as fuel to prevent the smell from discovering him. Some colour is given to the introductory part of this story by the fact which appeared on the trial, "that the deceased, Mrs. King, made a point that her picture should be very handsome; and teased Gaidelle so much about it, as to induce him, in spleen, to give her features a very different and unfavourable character, and that she shewed her resentment by much satirical and provoking language. The maid-servant having been sent out for some snuff, no person was in the house but Gaidelle and Mrs. King, who, it appears, on his entering the room, renewed her insults, and struck him on the breast: this produced the fatal event that followed." After her fall, he says, on the trial, that he attempted several times to assist her, which she refused; and, fearing that she would die, and he be condemned as the murderer, although, as he says, innocent, he determined on concealing the body, as before related. It appears he discharged the maid servant, and was several days in the house, coolly pursuing his horrid purpose of cutting up and concealing the body. The discovery was accidentally made by a person in the neighbourhood, who was called in to clean the house; and, attempting to draw water from the cistern, found the pipes stopped by parts of the deceased's clothes, which were thrown in by the murderer, in order to conceal them. At the time of his apprehension he appeared penitent, and to the last declared his innocence.

DRAMA.

King's Theatre.—This week has given us the opera of *La Cenerentola*, for the purpose of introducing the much-famed Albertazzi to an English audience; and her success has been decided. Her voice is one of the most beautiful we ever heard, and of extraordinary compass; her high notes are full and clear, and she not only touches, but dwells upon them with perfect ease—a great rarity in a contralto voice. To us her high and middle tones are by far the most agreeable and natural: her low notes seem rather to be the acquired part of her voice; and, consequently, less perfect than the others. Still there is so little solo music in her part of this opera, that we are only judging of her low tones from a few bars. In the concerted pieces, with such artists as Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanoff, of course the whole is harmony, and no one voice heard above the other. Madame Albertazzi was several times warmly encored; and, at the end of the opera, was called for and greeted with noise enough to make her head ache. She possesses a grace in person, with a sweet smile, and bright eyes: her manner, and, indeed, her singing and acting, are subdued and gentle, rather than brilliant; probably this will wear off as she feels more certain of the favour she so well merits. Lablache and Tamburini were, as usual, perfect in their parts. Ivanoff sang sweetly, but he is very cold and stiff; and his voice not strong

enough for so large a theatre. One word of the subordinate parts in the opera. Madame Castelli has for many years filled such parts as fell to her share in *Cenerentola*, with credit to herself. It is scarcely fair to include her in the condemnation we have seen bestowed on the subs. Surely, some person might be found to take the place of Mademoiselle N. N., who not only does not sing a note, but whose appearance is perfectly ludicrous. We heard a reply as to who she was, given in the pit—"Sir, she is N. N., nothing to nobody!"

Covent Garden.—On Tuesday, a Mr. Hyde, from Bristol, essayed the character of *Shylock*, and was well received. His performance was full of inequalities, and, in many instances did not evince a sound reading or conception of the part. As his execution, however, might be impaired by the tremor of a first appearance, we shall not pronounce definitely till we see him again. The *Modern Orpheus*, a slight entertainment, sustained by the talents of some of the performers, has been repeated several times; and on Thursday, a piece called *Brian Boroihe*, from the pen of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, was produced. With a few brilliant and poetical passages, to which Miss Fancit did ample justice, and one or two other speeches, the whole is a complete theatrical melo-drama, which might have been the first, but ought not to have been the last, of the productions of so highly esteemed an author. A series of warlike and romantic adventures, between Danish invaders and Irish patriots, constitutes the plot or rather plots: and the matter ends as it should, with a battle royal and prodigious slaughter. There was great applause, in which the brogue was heard more distinctly than usual.

The Strand Theatre.—This little theatre continues to fill and (if we may judge by peals of laughter) to amuse. *The Bill Sticker* and *The Galante Showman* are two rich pieces of low humour, or rather low fun. Hammond and H. Hall, Miss Daly, and Mrs. Stirling, are all excellent. The two latter, in a battle of tongues, are almost too natural,—it is the perfection of shrewishness. We have much pleasure in adding, although low and comic, we did not hear one offensive word through the whole of these pieces.

VARIETIES.

New Houses of Parliament.—We rejoice to see that Mr. Barry's plans and estimates for building the new Houses of Parliament have been adopted by the Lords. We may now look for a national structure which shall not be a national reproach. In the parliamentary estimate we rejoice to see an indefinite item, "For fitting up the King's Tower, proposed as the general depository of the Public Records." Only let this be sufficiently and satisfactorily done, and we may hope to see these national treasures, in every quarter, rescued from existing waste and danger, and classed, catalogued, and secured for the public service.

Weather Wisdom.—Our oracle, during the past week, has not been so correct. On the 17th there was, certainly, a "change," and an agreeable one; and the 21st was not only raw, cloudy, and unpleasant, but exceedingly wet; but on the 20th the full moon did not shew high winds nor turbulent, unsettled weather. For the next, "The aspects of Mercury denote a continuation of high winds [there are none at present to continue], and about the 24th violent thunderstorms. The 25th and 26th bear the same character—rain and thunder, and high winds. The 27th and 28th, cold and frosty."

The Eclipse of the moon on Thursday night

was very visible to the eye in London. It was whimsical enough, that in a moonlight scene at Covent Garden Theatre, between 9 and 10 o'clock, a little bobbing cloud disengaged itself from its companions, and made a lunar eclipse of its own, by dancing in front of that luminary, to the great amusement of the spectators.

Pompeii.—The *Piedmontese Gazette* states that, in one of the recent excavations at Pompeii, a caldron of clear and pure water, standing over a fire at the time of the destruction of the city, has been discovered.

Mr. John Field, the celebrated pianist, and pupil of Clementi, is stated, in the continental papers, to have died at Moscow (where, and at Petersburg, he had been long settled), in January last. He was fifty-seven years of age.

South London Horticultural Society.—The first of this year's exhibition of flowers, under the auspices of this Society, at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, on Thursday, was much more abundant and various than we could have anticipated from the extreme backwardness of the season. Some of the auriculas were very fine; camellias of charming form and colour; one or two heaths; superb and wax-like blossoms; and there were also azalias, hyacinths, heartsease, primroses, polyanthus, &c., besides several rare plants of much interest and beauty. The vegetable world was more scarce in specimens—a few new potatoes, French beans, and sea-cale, gracing the middle table, as companions to some fine black grapes, early strawberries, and other common fruits. A few of the prizes will enable our readers to fancy what the room contained.

For the best Pair of Auriculas (by Nurseries), large Silver Medal, Mr. Dickson, Acme Lane; for the best (by Gentlemen's Gardeners or Amateurs), large Silver Medal, Mr. Lidgard, Hammersmith; for the best Polyanthus, middle Silver Medal, Mr. Harding, Sydenham; for the best Collection of fifty Heartsease (by Nurseries), middle Silver Medal, Mr. Mountjoy, Ealing; for the best Four Orchideous Plants, large Silver Medal, Mr. Lidgard; for the best Collection of Bulbous Roots, two or three twelve pots, middle Silver Medal, Mr. Barnard, Brixton; for the best Collection of Miscellaneous Plants, thirty-six pots (by Nurseries), large Silver Medal, Miss Chandler, Wandsworth; for the best Specimen Camellia, large Silver Medal, G. A. Lake, Esq. (a charming specimen).

Meteorology (from a Correspondent).—It is mentioned by Mr. W. H. White, in "Loudon's Magazine," that according to the most authentic accounts received, the remarkable hurricane of November 1836 "commenced on the 23d, on the shores of North America, off St. Lawrence. A ship from Poole fell in with it on the 26th, in lat. 47° N., long. 32° 20' W. It continued its progress across the Atlantic, and reached the Land's End about 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M.; Plymouth, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M.; Exeter, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M.; Weymouth, 10 A.M.; Poole, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M.; Farnham, 12 noon; London, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.; Suffolk coast, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.; and Hamburg, 6 P.M. Thus the storm travelled at the rate of about fifty miles per hour; but the circular motion of the wind had a velocity of from 120 to 150 miles per hour." How, on Lieutenant Morrison's theory, is this circumstance of the commencement of the gale six days before the conjunction of the moon with Mars and Jupiter, to be accounted for? This very storm is one he has brought forward (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1050) as a striking instance in proof of the fulfilment of his predictions, "having occurred on the very day of this aspect of the moon to those two planets." Is it that this small sea-girt island is the only spot in the globe placed under planetary influence? If so, Great Britain may, indeed, without arrogance, exclaim, "Of what vast consequence am I!"

Edinburgh Literary Matters.—We learn from Edinburgh, that an active canvass is going on in the society of writers to the signet, or

attorneys as we call them, for the situation of principal keeper of their magnificent library, in consequence of Mr. Napier having received a lucrative appointment in the Court of Session. The candidates already in the field are, Mr. David Laing, secretary to the Bannatyne Club; Mr. Cochrane, Mr. W. F. Skene, and Mr. Robert Pitcairn. Some members of the society are of opinion that the office should be given to none but one of their own profession: we trust, however, that the field will not be limited in this way, nor the prosperity of a national institution hazarded by such a selfish resolution; which, at the same time, would compromise the independence of the body. Be this as it may, we are sure that any body whatever would do credit to itself by the election of one so eminently qualified as is our friend, the secretary to the Bannatyne Club.

Natural History.—The following curious statements rest on the authority of a Lausanne journal. During the last fortnight great numbers of sick and dead birds, particularly those of the thrush species, have been found in the fields of Soleure. An inflammation of the spleen is the cause, and the disease is attributed to the same acid exhalations from the earth which are said to produce the *grippe*. All the sparrows and finches, it is added, have deserted the infected districts; and, in several other parts of Switzerland, domesticated animals have been attacked in a similar way.

Changes.—The Grand Seignor has granted the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, to the Greek priests, with permission to build a church over that sacred spot.

Steam Communication with India.—The Bombay committee, having a surplus fund from the subscription for carrying this plan into effect, seems disposed, by the last accounts, to apply it, during 18 months, partly to the expense of overland packets between Bussorah and Beyrouth, and partly to keeping up a similar intercourse *via* the Red Sea, by steamers, when practicable, and, when otherwise, by sailing vessels.

St. James's Ornithological Society.—In our advertising columns will be found a sketch of the plan on which this new association is likely to be conducted; in directing public attention to which, we beg to offer a few words on behalf of an Institution which, in our opinion, may be made to contribute essentially to purposes of general utility. The gratuitous exhibition of rare and beautiful birds in the Park, would alone recommend the design to the favour of the million-inhabitants of the metropolis. Sources of innocent and natural pleasure to be enjoyed by every class of the population can never be too widely and sedulously cultivated; especially near so vast a city as London. Even as ornamental appendages they deserve warm support; but, encouragement still more cordial, when we consider that they are useful as well as agreeable, and instructive as well as graceful. The domestication of many foreign birds would add greatly to the varieties of food, to the charms of song, to the harmless entertainment of feathered pet animals. The improvement of poultry and game is an obvious result; and might not a well-arranged ornithological museum and library (both *desiderata*) augment the scientific value of the Institution? It seems, however, to be in excellent hands; and we trust these brief hints will be excused.

Application of Steam.—An ingenious boy, aged 16, named Tristram, and residing at Balimoney, near Belfast, has lately, among other clever applications of steam, contrived an apparatus by which to churn butter.

Ancient Remains.—A number of human bones, mixed with those of some gigantic animal, were lately found in Kingsbury Gravel Pits, near St. Albans. So great a sensation

was caused by the event, that several persons were seriously hurt in endeavouring to obtain a sight of them. They are now collected and preserved at Kingsbury.

GENERAL METEOROLOGICAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1836.
(Kept at Edmonton.)

Month.	Thermometer.			Barometer.			Rain.			Winds.		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	In Inches.	W. N. S. E.
January	52	7	37-89	47	30-55	28-98	29-8275	1-57	1-975	14	31	1 4 11
February	55	13	36-05	48	30-30	28-65	29-7396	1-74	1-875	63	1	43 1 1
March	65	43	42-06	53	30-24	28-68	29-5178	1-66	3-125	2	43	4 1 1
April	61	22	44-88	59	30-24	29-02	29-8260	1-22	2-475	11	3 4 9	1 1 1
May	72	25	50-73	57	30-48	29-64	30-0735	-94	79	143	-8	3 1 1
June	82	41	60-27	41	30-22	29-33	29-8905	-69	1-3025	2	64 24	14 1 1
July	85	41	63-44	44	30-40	29-43	29-9343	-97	1-965	13	14 2 22	1 1 1
August	75	42	60-97	33	30-25	29-54	29-9631	-71	1-5625	8	1 23 10	22 1 1
September	80	88	63-33	30	30-17	29-16	29-8001	-1-01	3-0275	71	1 1 1	1 1 1
October	63	22	47-46	41	30-34	29-06	29-8257	-148	3-2075	3	63 9	1 1 1
November	56	21	30-61	35	30-03	29-90	29-8257	-1-03	3-125	3	23 13	1 1 1
December	56	20	39-13	36	30-30	29-92	29-8621	-1-30	1-6875	5	-	2 5 1 1 1
Year	65	7	50-98	78	30-55	28-65	29-8116	-1-90	26-19	653	31 30 129 13 16 129	60 6066

(Kept at High Wycombe, by a Member of the Meteorological Society.)

Month.	Thermometer.			Barometer.			Rain.			Winds.		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	In Inches.	S.W. N.E. S.E. N.W.
January	49-50	13-75	35-39919	30-37	28-72	29-6731	2-8375	6	6 6 6	1 1 1	10	10
February	52-50	16	34-57974	30-28	28-46	29-5039	3-725	12	12 12 12	6 6 6	7	7
March	65	44	40-67741	30-06	28-45	29-27010	7-5625	14	14 14 14	1 1 1	10	10
April	56-50	41-13541	30-12	28-73	29-5031	3-12525	14	14 14 14	1 1 1	10	10	
May	73-50	25	48-52016	30-33	29-44	29-92881	7-5625	16	16 16 16	1 1 1	10	10
June	80	39-50	54-7125	30-15	29-5036	29-6366	7-5625	18	18 18 18	1 1 1	10	10
July	87-75	36	54-76614	30-05	29-43	29-64537	3-12525	19	19 19 19	1 1 1	10	10
August	77	22	49-5022	30-05	29-43	29-64525	6-5625	16	16 16 16	1 1 1	10	10
September	70	30	53-00025	29-99	29-02	29-6189	3-28	17	17 17 17	1 1 1	10	10
October	67-75	25	47-18145	30-17	29-72	29-53365	4-3125	16	16 16 16	1 1 1	10	10
November	54	29-50	40-39373	29-05	29-67	29-35277	4-93125	15	15 15 15	1 1 1	10	10
December	55-25	23-99	38-2766	30-15	29-71	29-54344	2-9375	4	4 4 4	5 5 5	11	11
Year	87-75	13-75	45-42326	30-37	28-45	29-50083	35-19900	43 44 27	73 71 37	56 56 56	75	75

(Kept at Cheltenham, by S. Moss, Chemist.)

Month.	Thermometer.			Barometer.			Rain.			Winds.		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	In Inches.	S.W. N.E. S.E. N.W.
January	50-0	20-5	39-68	26-35	20-05	29-674	2-940	5	5 5 5	1 1 1	83	83
February	52-0	26-0	39-492	26-02	20-22	29-611	2-8605	8	8 8 8	1 1 1	83	83
March	61-0	29-5	43-009	31-5	20-01	29-54	2-9266	14	14 14 14	1 1 1	83	83
April	51-0	15-5	45-225	32-25	20-15	29-627	2-9666	8	8 8 8	1 1 1	83	83
May	73-0	37-0	52-34	36-10	29-52	29-6966	0-57	51	3 13 21	2 2 2	83	83
June	73-0	46-5	57-742	31-04	29-27	29-667	0-77	214	5 1 10	1 1 1	21	21
July	85-0	45-2	62-202	39-31	29-31	29-741	0-81	307	1 1 1	1 1 1	12	12
August	74-5	44-5	58-54	30-03	29-37	29-79	0-68	215	1 1 1	1 1 1	83	83
September	67-0	40-0	53-27	29-20	29-93	29-626	0-92	7255	31 34	3 3 3	83	83
October	61-5	26-0	49-2	35-5	30-17	29-693	1-154	345	61 11	2 2 2	5 5 5	5 5 5
November	57-0	26-5	42-159	30-25	29-64	29-37	1-29	4785	2 2 2	3 3 3	2 2 2	12
December	54-0	21-0	40-02	33-19	29-76	29-513	1-32	247	1 1 1	1 1 1	12	12
1836	85-0	21-0	45-26	34-00	29-54	29-557	1-84	38-865	35 473	0 51 45	25 25 25	116
1835	81-5	16-0	49-303	65-5	35-55	29-584	1-61	2-865	25 69	10 481	30 34 34	86
1834	78-5	30-0	51-908	45-5	30-57	29-843	1-66	31-30	24 53	25 45 48	22 22 116	116
1833	79-4	27-0	50-297	52-0	30-36	29-664	1-69	3-845	33 43	28 61 26	26 26 26	83
1832	76-5	26-5	51-206	48-0	30-26	29-605	1-74	3-845	22 45	31 51 32	31 31 90	90
1831	77-5	25-0	51-205	47-7	30-26	29-625	1-74	3-845	20 40	30 51 31	20 20 104	104
1830	81-5	16-0	49-273	71-3	30-39	29-705	0-65	4-845	20 50	30 51 31	20 20 114	114
1829	76-5	20-0	47-477	62-5	30-32	29-771	0-593	4-845	21 45	32 52 26	26 26 26	75
1828	80-5	16-0	49-138	64-30	30-28	29-693	1-73	3-845	24 44	30 50 52	41 43 324	1061
1827	80-5	16-0	50-335	67-5	30-24	29-887	0-725	3-845	26 46	34 50 52	47 79	79
1826	86-0	18-5	50-335	67-5	30-24	29-887	0-725	3-845	26 46	34 50 52	47 79	79
1825	93-6	24-0	58-75	69-5	30-52	29-64	1-76	5-845	36 44	38 49 25	48 22 38	134

Thermometer, 1836.—Highest, 85°; July 5; lowest, 21°; Dec. 23.

Barometer, 1836.—Highest, 30-38; Jan. 2; lowest, 29-54; March 28.

Rain, 1836.—33-865 inches.

The mode of keeping the above Registers is as follows:—

At Edmonton, the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north, in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer is known from observations made at intervals of one hour, from 8 A.M. till 8 P.M. The direction and the force of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at 8 o'clock.

At Wycombe, the thermometer and barometer are registered at 8 A.M., at 3 and 10 P.M. The extreme cold is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer. The wind is the result of the most frequent observations.

At Cheltenham, the temperature is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer, suspended about five feet from the ground, in a north-east aspect, and the observation made daily at 8 A.M. The winds and barometer are registered at 8 A.M. and 8 P.M.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Month.	(Kept at Wembridge, Bucks.)			
	Thermometer.	Barometer.	Rain.	Winds.
January	51	18	33	15 2-1275
February	49	19	30	13 2-26775
March	65	30	36	33 3-4975
April	76	32	34	18 2-2705
May	76	33	43	6 0-682
June	87	33	47	45 11 1-2475
July	89	47	52	46 11 1-1695
August	74	32	33	10 11 1-1695
September	70	32	33	16 11 1-1695
October	61	22	30	16 11 1-1695
November	56	27	29	11 11 1-1695
December	52	19	33	10 11 1-1695
Year	90	18	72	189 33-4975 24 31 16 50 42 25 134

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We have much pleasure in mentioning, as a forthcoming publication, the following book, by Hon. Sir R. Wilmett Horton, Bart., Governor of Ceylon, under the title of Letters of the Dead; to which Notes and an Appendix will be added by the Editor. Among the correspondents we find the names of Lord Grenville, Mr. Huskisson, Bishop Heber, Mr. Malthus, Mr. Simond of Geneva, and other eminent distinguished persons.

In the Press.

Cleanings, Historical and Literary, consisting of upwards of Seven Hundred choice Selections from Ancient and Modern standard authors, &c.—The Second Volume of the History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, by the Rev. J. Seaton Reid, D.D.—Observations on the Preservation of Health, in Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age, by John Harrison, Dr. T. Parker, Vol. II. 1800.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arithmetic, illustrated by woodcuts, by Arthur Parsey, 12mo., 2d. ed.—Early Recollections relating to Samuel T. Coleridge, by George Cott, 2 vols., cr. 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Practical Treatise on Cultivation of the Grape Vine, by Clement House, 8vo. 2s.—The Works of John Hunter, by J. T. Parker, Vol. II. 1800. 17s. 6d.—The Principles of real Property, according to the text of Blackstone, with Alterations, by J. Stewart, 8vo. 13s.—The Pirate of the Gulf, or La Fata, 2 vols., post 8vo. 18s.—A Few Words on the Subject of Canada, by a Barrister, 8vo. sewed, 1s. 6d.—Remarks on the Four Gospels, by W. H. Furness, 12mo. 6s.—Hon. and Rev. William Herbert on Bulbous Roots, 48 plates, royal 8vo. 17s. 6d.—Plain, coloured—Dr. T. Turton on the Eucharist, in reply to Wiseman, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Rev. Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise, 2 vols. 8vo. 2d. ed. 17s. 6d.—James' Naval History of England, 6 vols. 8vo. 8s. 2d.—Aubrey's Progress and Rise of the British Power in India, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan, by T. Bacon, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—Perkin's Elements of Botany, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—The Principles of Homopathy, 10s. 7s.—Smith's Table of Weights & Measures, 8vo. 10s.—Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands, by John Williams, 8vo. 12s.—Questions adapted to Major's Latin Grammar, by W. Hayes, 12mo. 1s.—Popular Treatise on Warming and Ventilating, by C. J. Richardson, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Historical and Medical Researches into the Origin, &c. of Syphilis, by M. Debergi, Senr., translated by J. S. Innes, 12mo. cloth, 2s.—Flora's Gems, with 12 coloured engravings, by Andrews, with Poetical Illustrations, by Louisa A. Twamley, 2s.—The Harmonitor, or Measure of Harmony, by John Gory, 2s. 6d.—An Analysis of the British Ferns, and their Allies, with Plates, by W. Francis, 8vo. 4s.—Comedias Escogidas de Don P. Calderon de la Barca, 12mo. 6d.—Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences, 3 vols. 8vo. 22s.—Dr. Coleridge's Translation of the Philosopher's Stone, royal 8vo. 9s.—Wright's on the Punishment of Death, 8vo. 6d.—Greville's Conspectus, with Ordo, &c. edit. 18mo. 6d.—Greville's Conspectus, with Ordo, &c. edit. 18mo. 6d.—Greville's Conspectus, with Ordo, &c. edit. 18mo. 6d.—Phillip's Introduction to Minerals, by R. Allen, post 8vo. 12s.—The Complete Book of Trades, by N. Whitlock, 8vo. 14s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. We have this week been induced to curtail our Review head, in order to make room for the interesting paper on Egyptian Antiquities, and other scientific and miscellaneous matter which could not well be postponed.

With regard to the new version of the 137th Psalm, we are afraid that "Babylon" and "O Sion," the rhymes in the first verse, are not permissible.

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